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WARTON'S POEMS
Thee as he skimmd with pinnons fleet
He found an infant smiling sweet
Sat out on the approach of summer's heat

Printed for Colbatch, May 24. 1809.
J. Thurstons, delin.
A. Reinhold, sculp

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS WARTON.

WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Cooke's Edition.

To! where on Isis' bank, fair England's muse
Laments the leader of her laureat train;
Whose art, with chivalry's romantic hues,
Combines the chasteness of the classic strain:
She mourns that sage, whose patient toil pursues
Her faltering steps through time's extensive plain;
And from primeval shades her progress shows,
Down to the brightness of Eliza's reign:
With the rich meed of some melodious tear,
Fain would she now that cruel stroke deplore,
Which stopt her darling in his fair career
Of antiquarian search, and critic lore:
For still, while taste or she can honour claim,
Each age shall venerate her Warton's name!

Mr. Thomson's Sonnet on the Death of Warton.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

London :

Printed for C. COOKE, No. 17. Paternoster-Row;
By J. D. DEWICK, Westmoreland Buildings,
Aldersgate Street; And sold by all
the Booksellers in Great Britain
and Ireland.

[1816?]



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS WARTON.

CONTAINING
ODES, SONNETS, MISCELLANIES.

&c. &c. &c.

O ever to sweet poesy,
Let me live true votary!
She shall lead me by the hand,
Queen of sweet smiles and solace bland:
She from her precious stores shall shed
Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The secret and unpitied tear,
Which still I drop in darkness drear.
She shall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years successive glide,
I'll hold divinest dalliance,
For ever held in holy trance.

Ode on the Approach of Summer.

London:
PRINTED AND EMBELLISHED
Under the Direction of
C. COOKE.

[1846?]

THE LIFE OF
THOMAS WARTON

BAYERISCHE
STAATS-
BIBLIOTHEK
MÜNCHEN

THOMAS WARTON, the subject of these memoirs, denominated by Biographers, the “Historian of English poetry; born in 1728, was descended from a family allied to the muses. His father, Thomas Warton, B. D. was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; afterwards elected professor of poetry in that University, and presented to the vicarages of Basingstoke in Hampshire, and of Cobham, in Surry.

The professor married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Richardson, Rector of Dunsfold, in Surry, by whom he had issue, two sons: Joseph, who attained to the respectable situation of head master of Winchester school; Thomas, our poet, and one daughter, Jane. Professor Warton did not produce any literary composition in his life-time; but three years after his death, which happened at Basingstoke in 1745, a volume of his Poems was published by subscription, and some anecdotes concerning him are to be found in Arnhurst’s “Terræ Filius.” His brother, Doctor Joseph Warton, has acquired fame in the learned world, by his “Ode to Fancy;” other poetical pieces in “Doddsley’s Collection” his “Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope;” “Translation of the Pastorals and Eclogues of Virgil,” and an edition of the works of Pope with notes.

It appears by his quotation from Gray's Ode, in his "Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester;" and his latin Poem on *Catherine Hill*, near Winchester, that Thomas Warton our poet received his classical education at the respectable seminary, over which his brother, Doctor Joseph Warton, afterward presided for a series of years, with great credit to himself, and advantage to the pupils committed to his care.

When Warton left Winchester school, he was admitted a student of Trinity College Oxford: took the degree of Master of Arts, in 1750; and of Batchelor of Divinity in 1767, but did not obtain the dignified situation of master of his College, on its becoming vacant in 1776; to which he was allowed, from his literary talents, to have some claim, though he continued to reside in it to the time of his death.

The life of a man immured in a college, devoted to a course of study and contemplation, with scarce any change in forms, manners or habits; but passed in a continued round of the same diurnal pursuits, cannot be supposed to afford many anecdotes worthy of record: though such a life is entitled to general esteem, as productive of effects which tend to the advancement of human knowledge: and every candid peruser of the writings of Warton must admit, that much entertainment, as well as instruction, may be derived from them.

He applied himself early in life to the cultivation of his poetical talents, as is evident from the period at which he ushered his several productions into the world.

He

He published five pastoral Eclogues in 1745, the scenes of which are supposed to allude to the situation of the distressed peasants in the German war. These Eclogues have not appeared in any collection of his works, from which it is conjectured that the manuscript copy of them has been lost or mislaid.

In 1747, he published "The Pleasures of Melancholy;" written in 1745, quarto; reprinted in "Dodley's Collection:" likewise a Poem written at Oxford, the preceding year, entitled "The Progress of Discontent;" and first printed in "The Student;" which was followed by Newmarket, a Satire, published in folio in 1750; reprinted in Pearch's Collection, and again in Dodley's Collection.

It will be remembered by those who may revert to past transactions, that at the time of the rebellion in 1745, the members of the University of Oxford discovered an attachment to Tory, if not to Jacobite principles; and that, soon after its happy suppression, the intemperate zeal, and inebrigate wantonness of several of the Students of one of the Colleges, incurred the resentment of the friends of the Hanoverian succession, which brought on a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, and affixed a stigma on the character of the Vice Chancellor, and several of the heads of houses.

During the prevalence of party rancour and animosity, which, at that time, engrossed the public attention: Mr. Mason published his "Ifis, an Elegy;" in which, after many eulogiums on the renowned worthies, she once had

to boast, she deplores the principles and conduct of her degenerate sons.

-----Madly ho'd
To freedom's foes internal orgies hold.

To Mason's Elegy, highly and deservedly applauded at the time of its publication, Warton replied in his "Triumph of Isis, an Elegy;" equally entitled to general approbation, and particularly his eulogium on Doctor King, which is remarkably bold and animated. The poem was reprinted in Pearch's Collection. It is mentioned, to the honour of the contending poets, Mason and Warton, that though these pieces were acknowledged to be equal if not superior to any of their other productions; each of them, as if by mutual consent, omitted the insertion of his last mentioned Poem, when their respective works were first collected into a volume.

Warton, in 1751, published *An Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre, Oxford, July 2. 1751, being the day appointed by the late lord Crew, bishop of Durham, for the commemoration of the Benefactors of the University*, 4to. In this Ode, *Minerva*, after having assisted Queen *Bonduca* in a battle, is feigned to request drink of the river *Isis*; and, in reward of the favour, to promise that her banks shall become the seat of learning, and the pride of Britain. This was followed in 1753, by the *Union, or Select Scots and English Poems*, duodecimo.

The above mentioned, may be deemed the inferior productions of our Poet's genius. The same year he produced his observations on the "Faery queen of Spenser;" which,

which, having afterwards corrected and enlarged, he published in two volumes, twelves, in 1762. Warton sent a copy of the first edition to Doctor Johnson, with a letter, dated July 16th. 1754; containing the following compliment, or rather acknowledgement of the merit of the person to whom it was addressed:

“ I now pay you a very honest acknowledgement for the advancement of the literature of our native country. You have shown to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which these authors had read. Of this method Hughes, and men much greater than Hughes, seem never to have thought. The reason why the authors, which are yet read, of the sixteenth century, are so little understood, is, that they are read alone, and no help is borrowed from those who lived with them, or before them.”

Some time before, he seems to have taken orders, and to have become Fellow of his College; for, in his notes on Doctor Johnson's letter, preserved by Mr. Boswell, he mentions his design of publishing a volume of “ Observations on the best of Spenser's works,” being hindered by his taking Pupils. “ I am glad of your hindrance in your Spenserian design,” Dr. Johnson writes him, Nov. 28, 1754, “ yet I would not have it delayed.”

At this time his friend Collins was at Oxford, on a visit to him; but labouring under the most deplorable languor of body, and dejection of mind. “ Poor dear Collins !” says Dr. Johnson, would a letter give him any pleasure? I have a mind to write.” Soon after he writes

writes him: "I had lately a letter from your brother, with some account of poor Collins, for whom I am much concerned. I have a notion, that by very great temperance, or more properly abstinence, he may yet recover."

It is said, that at the instance of Warton, Dr. Johnson, in Feb. 1755, obtained the degree of Master of Arts, by diploma from the University of Oxford, which was considered as an honour of great importance in gracing the title page of his Dictionary, that made its appearance soon after.

The following year he published a Pamphlet entitled "the Observer Observed," in octavo; on the publication of Upton's Spenser, and had the honour of being elected by the University, Poetry Professor, which office he retained the usual term of ten years.

When Dr. Johnson in 1758, commenced his periodical work, "the Idler," Warton, as a testimony of friendship, gave his assistance and contributed to it, No. 33, 93, and 96. He also produced the same year, *Inscriptionum Metricarum Delectus, Accedunt Notulæ*, 4to, and wrote *A Penegyric on Ale*, printed in Doddsley's "Collection."

About this time he published *A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester*, exhibiting a complete and comprehensive detail of their antiquities and present state, 8vo, without date or name.

In 1760, he contributed the *Life of Sir Thomas Pope* to the 5th. volume of the "Biographia Britannica." The year following, he published *The Life, and literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, M. D. Dean of Wells,*
and

and President of Trinity College, Oxford, 8vo. In the *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, he has supplied some defects, and rectified some mistakes in the account given of him in the “*Biographia Britannica*.”

In 1761, he contributed to the “*Oxford Collection of Verses*, a poem on the death of George II. addressed to Mr. Secretary Pitt, late Earl of Chatham ; and verses on the Marriage of the King, and on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 1762.

About 1762, he published *A Companion to the Guide, and a Guide to the Companion, being a Supplement to all the accounts of Oxford hitherto published*, 12mo, without a date ; a Burlesque on Oxford Guides and Companions. His next publication was the *Oxford Sausage, or select poetical Pieces written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford*, 12mo, 1764. In this Collection, the *Newsman's Verses*, and several other pieces of pleasantry, were contributed by Warton.

His first clerical preferment was in 1768, when he was presented to the vicarage of Shalfield, in Wiltshire.

In 1770, he published from the Clarendon press, *Theocriti Syracusii Cum Scholiis Græcis, Historibus Emen-
dationibus et Animadversionibus in Scholia Editoris et
Joannis Toup̃ii Glossis selectis ineditis, indicibus am-
plissimis. Premittuntur Editoris Dissertatio de Buc-
olicis Græcorum, Vita Theocritæ Ionia Barnesio Scrip-
ta, cum nonnullis aliis auctoriis. Accedunt Editoris et
variorum Notæ perpetuæ Epistola Joannis Toup̃ii de Sy-
racusiis ejusdem addenda in Theocritum, necnon Collec-
tiones,*

tiones, quindecim Codicum; Oxon. 2 vols. 4to. "This," says Dr. Harwood, "is a very splendid edition; and, after a very careful perusal, I can pronounce it as correct as it is splendid. Every lover of Greek literature is under great obligations to the very learned and ingenious Mr. Warton, for this magnificent edition of *Theocritus*, and for several other immortal productions." Some additional notes and observations, by way of Appendix to Warton's edition of *Theocritus*, were published by Mr. Toup, in 1772, *Curæ Posterioris, Sive Appendicula Notarum atque Emendationem in Theocritum Oxonii nuperrime publicatum*, 4to.

In 1771, he published an improved account of the *life of Sir Thomas Pope, founder of Trinity College*, chiefly compiled from original evidence, with an Appendix of papers never before published.

The care, attention, and research which he exercised in forming an accurate detail of the particular incidents in the life of that munificent patron of learning, the founder of Trinity College, will be perpetual mementos of his gratitude and assiduity; but it cannot but be lamented that he was urged by his situation and connections, to employ his thoughts on a subject on which the efforts of the most exalted genius could stamp no real value. His encreasing reputation, however, added to the number of his patrons; and in the same year, he was presented by the earl of Litchfield to the rectory of Kidlington in Oxfordshire, and elected a Fellow of the Society of antiquaries.

In

In 1771, appeared the first volume of his *History of English Poetry, from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and on the Introduction of Learning into England*, 4to. The second volume appeared in 1778, and the third, which is brought down to the commencement of the reign of queen Elizabeth, in 1781. To the third volume is prefixed a third dissertation *on the Gesta Romanorum*. The fourth and last volume was announced, as “speedily to be published,” in the end of his edition of Milton’s smaller Poems, 1785, and it is said, a considerable portion of it was actually printed off at the time of his death.

A contemporary writer of some ability but less candour, has undertaken to point out a few errors and inaccuracies, in these volumes, in a pamphlet entitled “Observations on the three first volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a Familiar Epistle to the Author, 4to. but from a vindication of Warton, that appeared in various communications in the Gentleman’s Magazine for 1782 and 1783, it was evident that this writer had exaggerated the defects, most illiberally, and justly incurred the censure of acrimonious criticism.

In 1777, he collected his poems into an 8vo. volume, containing *Miscellaneous Pieces, Odes, and Sonnets*. In this Collection, he omitted his *Pastoral Eclogues*, the *Triumph of Isis, Newmarket, a Satire, The Progress of Discontent*, and other pieces of humour. The publica-

tion may be considered as, in some measure, original, there being only seven pieces that had before appeared, and near three times that number which were then first printed. Alluding to this Publication, Mrs. Piozzi, in her entertaining "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson," reports the following conversation: "Such a one's Verses are come out, said I:" "Yes," replied Johnson, "and this frost has struck them in again. Here are some Verses I have written to ridicule them; but remember that I love the Fellow dearly, for all that I laugh at him.

Whereſoe'er I turn my view
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new:
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong.
Phraſe that time has flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray.
Trick'd in antique, ruff, and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

Our author having obtained conſiderable preferment in the Church, turned his thoughts to Parochial Hiſtory, of which he gave ſo good a ſpecimen, in a little work he printed in 1781, entitled a Hiſtory of Kiddington Pariſh, intended to ſerve as a model of the Hiſtory of Oxfordſhire, conſidered in that light; that his Pariſhioners and others of his friends, to whom he preſented copies, much regretted that he had not opportunity to extend his plan, though a ſecond edition of the Hiſtory corrected and enlarged, was publiſhed for ſale, two years afterwards. But there is greater cauſe to regret the loſs which ſcience will ſuſtain in his "Hiſtory of Gothic Architecture, that he more than promiſed in the "Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry," being withheld from the world; nor

is there much ground for expectation, that it will ever make its appearance.

Warton, as was expected from his situation as Poetry Professor, in the University of Oxford, engaged in the controversy which took place in 1782 ; concerning the Poems, which were attributed by some to Rowley, and by others to Chatterton, and published “ An Enquiry into the authenticity of the Poems, attributed to Thomas Rowley ; in which the Arguments of the Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined.” In this Enquiry he espoused the cause of Chatterton, and offered such cogent arguments in support of the claim of the latter, as carried conviction to every liberal and unprejudiced mind. The same year he was promoted to the Donative of Hill Farm, in Somersetshire, and produced his “ Verses on Sir Joshua Reynold’s Painted Window at New College, Oxford.

Our Author’s honours and preferments seemed to increase in rapid succession ; as, in 1785 he was elected Camden Professor of Ancient History, on the resignation of Dr. Scott, and the same year appointed Poet Laureat, on the death of Whitehead.

In the course of this year he produced a very learned and elaborate work, entitled “ *Poems on Several Occasions, English, Latin, Italian ; with Translations by John Milton, viz. Lycidas, L’Allegro, Il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miscellanies, English Psalms, Elegiarum Liber, Epigrammatum Liber, Sylvarum Liber, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and*

other Illustrations, 8vo, 1785. A second Edition, with corrections and improvements, appeared after his death, in 1790. The chief purpose of the *Notes* is to explain Milton's Allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels universally gleaned both from his Poetry and his Prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to shew the peculiarities of his phraseology. In this arduous undertaking, our Author was assisted by his brother, who enriched and illustrated his Commentary, by many appropriate Annotations and Remarks.

In the second Edition of this work, it is evident that the Notes had undergone an entire revival, and that some that were in the first, are in this omitted; from which it was supposed, that the Author intended to preserve them, and introduce them with considerable additions, in an edition of Milton's more elaborate Poems, that he was preparing for the Press. He likewise introduced many of his own Notes, in the second edition, which are not to be found in the first, and appears to have availed himself of the assistance of those able Critics Warburton and Hurd, as some of the Notes are marked with the initials of their names, and a multitude of corrections are also made, evidently pointing out, that he had been influenced by the opinion and judgment of literary contemporaries. This was the last work our Author presented to the public, except his Laureat Odes, and some judicious Notes in the *variorum* edition of Shake-

speare

spears in 1786, which are distinguished by his name.

About this time he began to feel some impair of health, arising most probably from a life of confinement and the multiplicity of literary pursuits, in which he was generally engaged. He was attacked by fits of the gout at intervals, but not in such a degree as to afford cause for alarm; when these were over he returned to his usual studies and course of life, and so continued till the year 1790.

On Thursday the 20th of May, after having been some time confined by a severe attack of the aforesaid disorder, the symptoms abated; he was thought in a fair way of recovery, appeared remarkably chearful, and supped and passed the Evening in the room set apart for the Professors and Fellows. Between the hours of ten and eleven, he sunk in his chair: his surrounding Friends thought him only dozing, but on their approach found to their grief and consternation, that he was struck with the palsy, and quiet dead on one side. He was immediately conveyed to his chamber, and continued insensible till his death, on Friday, in the sixty-second year of his age. His remains were interred in the Chapel of Trinity College, with all the honours due to his official character.

The year after his death, a new edition of his Poetical Works was printed, including the Pieces which had been omitted in the former, of 1777, and the *New Year* and *Birth-Day Odes* for 1786, 1787, and 1788. They were afterwards reprinted from the Edition of 1791, with his *Birth-Day Odes* for 1789 and 1790, and Sonnets in

imitation of Shakespeare, omitted in former editions.

The character of Warton is thus described in a Monthly Publication, for May, 1790.

“ To his Friends he was endeared by his simple, open,
“ and friendly manners ; to the University of Oxford by
“ his long residence and many services ; and to the public
“ by the valuable additions which have been made by his
“ talents to English Poetry, Antiquities, and Criticism.
“ His mind was more fraught with wit and mirth than
“ his outward appearance promised. His person was
“ unwieldy and ponderous, and his countenance some-
“ what inert ; but the fascination of his converse was won-
“ derful. He was the delight of the Jovial Attic Board,
“ Anniversaries, Music Meetings, &c. and possessed beyond
“ most men the art of communicating variety to the dull
“ sameness of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and
“ scholastic accomplishments, he united those conciliatory
“ talents, that amiable sociability of manners, which could
“ to the claim of respect for the author, add that of esteem
“ for the man.” He was a liberal scholar, an agreeable
“ companion, a warm philanthropist, a disinterested Chris-
“ tian, and an amiable man. “ His social qualities,”
says a writer in the “ Gentleman’s Magazine” for 1790,
“ had long endeared him to the members of his own
“ society, among whom he constantly resided. The bril-
“ liancy of his wit, the solidity of his judgment, and the
“ affability of his temper, gave to all who had the hap-
“ piness of his acquaintance, the most pungent regret
“ for his irreparable loss. His Literary Productions have
“ rendered

“ rendered him peculiarly eminent as an annotator, a
“ Biographer, an Antiquary, and a Poet ; and he may be
“ deservedly considered as the ornament, not only of the
“ University, but of the literary world at large. Such, in-
“ deed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of
“ his taste, and the extent and variety of his learning, that
“ his memory will be for ever revered as a profound
“ scholar, and a man of true genius. Learning must de-
“ plore him as one of her best and most valuable orna-
“ ments.”

Warton has been considered by a more voluminous writer in the fourfold capacity of Biographer, Historian, Critic, and Poet : the following is a summary of what is related concerning those particulars.

With respect to the lives of *Dr. Bathurst* and *Sir Thomas Pope*, it will be found on perusal, that the author had acquired that art, for propriety and sense, which characterize the productions of those, whose talents have been cultivated by study and observation ; though probably they will not be considered by the generality of readers, as answering the obvious purposes of that species of writing, which are instruction and entertainment.

Though few incidents in the life of *Dr. Bathurst* are sufficiently interesting or affecting, to engage the attention or impress the mind of the reader, much praise is due to the compiler, for the labour of his researches and the order in which he has arranged the materials he collected.

The memorials to be found on record concerning *Sir Thomas Pope*, are so scanty, that the author of his life seems to have been under the necessity of entering occasionally into historical digressions ; amongst others, he goes into an elaborate detail of the persecutions of the Princess Elizabeth ; and though he has given a very circumstantial and interesting relation of them, yet by losing sight of the main object, *Sir Thomas Pope*, he incurs the censure of impropriety, in breaking that chain of connection which is essential to a perfect composition. The mind being diverted from the leading character, by the interposition of secondary objects, is less impressed by the former than the latter.

Indeed the life of a person neither remarkable for strength of genius nor exalted state, can afford but few incidents to gratify curiosity, convey instruction, or conduce to entertainment. The attention cannot be excited by trivial circumstances, but must be awakened by events momentary and important. Narratives of the actions of those who have either displayed their valour in the field, or their wisdom in the council, should never be interrupted by the intrusion of characters, obscure and insignificant, to which it would be shewing more candour and liberality, to pass them over in silence.

Considered as an historian ; his “ *History of English Poetry*,” has fixed his reputation on the most solid basis, and entitled him to the regard and veneration of every man of taste and elegance. An *History of English Poetry* had long been a *desideratum* in the learned world.

world. A plan of this kind had been formed by Pope in which our English Poets had been classed under their supposed respective Schools.

It was afterwards adopted by Gray, and was in substance similar to that of Pope, but considerably enlarged, extended, and improved. Warton, in the prosecution of his design, rejected these plans and arranged his work with much propriety. In a chronological series, as it exhibits without transposition, the gradual improvement of English Poetry, at the same that it represents the successive progression of the English language. He has not, indeed, in every instance, adhered to regularity with respect to æras, but occasionally deviated into digression.

He commences his Annals with the Norman Accession, rather than the Saxon government, for a very justifiable reason, the former being the æra when England began to assume a name amongst the nations. The Preface, and two Dissertations on the Origin of Romantic Fiction, and on the introduction of learning into England, discover extensive reading, and sound judgment: yet the Analogy between European and Arabian legends, and the probable account how the same spirit and genius of fiction might be transferred from Asia to these Northern climes; are not, it should seem, a probable solution even with the assistance of the Crusades: for, of the nature and variety of European romances. The innumerable hordes that migrated from the north-east, and overflowed the west, were not without their Romantic Fictions, of different kind indeed, from the Arabic Fables: but the latter were
soon

soon incorporated with them. A junction was formed between the Romance of the Arab, and the Chivalry of the Goth.

Those who have offered their opinion on this subject, readily admit what our author advances with respect to the peculiar influences of women, and the Gothic establishments; but doubt his being warranted in his appeal to the classic writers, in confirmation of his assertion of the small degree of attention and respect with which the Greeks and Romans treated the fair sex; and the inconsiderable share they were permitted to take, in conversation, and the general concerns of life.

The merit of the second Dissertation, and that on the *Gesta Romanorum* prefixed to the third volume, is generally admitted: but the period of antiquity at which an author commences his work, is not adapted to gain popular approbation. Some beauties may be discovered in these researches into the legends of Antiquity, but they will not be enjoyed by a taste formed upon modern composition. The obsolete terms and uncouth numbers in which men conveyed their ideas in those days, must in modern times render them difficult to be comprehended, nor can they be agreeable to any but those who derive pleasure from a long and distant retrospect.

We shall conclude our Observations on our Author's principal literary production, with the words of a contemporary critic.

“The predominant features of this agreeable and instructive work, are elegant composition, acute and
genuine

genuine criticism, and literary research. But it is not Warton's principal merit, that he investigates his subject with the patience of an antiquary, and the acuteness of a critic ; from his accurate delineation of character, it is evident that he has inspected the manners of mankind as they occasionally pass before him, with the penetrating eye of a philosopher. This praise he has merited by his Preliminary *Dissertations*, by his elaborate account of Chaucer and his Poetry, and by his reflections tending to establish a full estimate of the genius of the Poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign ; which compose the concluding section of his *third* volume. The *History of English Poetry* has rare and striking merits, and may be justly considered as a valuable accession to English literature. But it is not without its defects. He has shown, it would seem, more solicitude in collecting his materials, than perspicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence it has been found so dry and oppressive, as to subdue the eagerness of the generality of readers ; and hence nearly one-fourth of the *second* volume is filled with errata and amendments to the *first* ; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he was not tied down to precipitate publication by a subscription ; as his business was literature ; as he had been long accustomed to the use of the press ; and as he was equally possessed of learning and leisure."

"Warton, as a Critic, has a just title to an elevated rank. His "Observations on Spenser and particularly on the *Faery Queene* have deservedly obtained the general approbation

approbation of the learned world. He applied with the greatest assiduity to the difficult task of illustrating the obscurities, and pointing out the beauties of that much admired ancient Poet. He has also done great honour to the literature of his Country, by his accurate edition of Theocritus, justly denominated, the Father of pastoral poetry. In his "Dissertation on Bucolic poetry," if some of his remarks are founded too much upon conjecture, they must be admitted to display much learning and ingenuity. He selected for his Observations on "*Theocritus*, entitled the *Scholiæ*;" some of the most distinguished names among the School Critics, and added to them, many excellent remarks of his own.

For a Commentator upon Milton, he had many requisites, being not only conversant with the remains of Grecian and Roman Literature, but also with the Gothic and old English, to which many allusions are made in the "*Paradise Lost*."

His notes and illustrations of that admirable poem, are manifestly the result of diligent reading and patient research, and serve to unfold the treasures, whence Milton drew most of his beautiful imagery; to point out his Gothic and classical allusions; and at the same time, display the force and sublimity of his genius. After these encomiums, candour must allow, that Warton's Remarks on Milton's religious principles, are obviously dictated by prejudice; though as palliation of them, he affirms, "that what was enthusiasm in most of the puritanical writers, was poetry in Milton."

The

The following animadversions have been made upon our author, considered as a poet "Simplicity and perspicuity, supported by elegance, are the distinguishing marks of his poetry. His Compositions are highly finished and original, as far as classic imitations and allusions will allow ; his versification is nervous and correct, his reading extensive, and his knowledge of Nature acquired from an actual survey of her works. It will easily be perceived by readers of taste, that he is of the school of Spenser and Milton, rather than that of Pope. He has manifestly and confessedly imitated other poets, Gray, J. Philips, and in his *New-market*, Pope ; but in his descriptive poetry, Milton was not only his model, in respect of language and versification, but of ideas. It must, however, be allowed, that he has extended Milton's kind of imagery to more objects, and painted on a larger canvass. His imitations of Milton, like the pictures of Raphael, painted by Giulio Romano, are perfectly copied ; but still they are copies.

The *Pleasures of Melancholy*, one of his earliest productions, is a beautiful poem, abounding with bold metaphors and highly-coloured pictures. The indulgence of melancholy, by attending the Cathedral service during winter evenings, and the luxury of tragic tears at the Theatre, are feelingly described. The *Triumph of Isis*, in fertility of invention, and felicity of expression may challenge a comparison with Mr. Mason's admirable "Elegy," which occasioned it. The *Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall*, is beautifully simple and

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characteristic.

characteristic. The *Monody written at Stratford upon Avon*, is well appropriated and picturesque. The Poem *on the Death of George II.* is one of the best of his performances. It is elegant and harmonious, in the highest degree. The Verses *on the Marriage of the King* have equal merit. The whole is finely imagined, and animated with a noble love of his country : its glory and its constitution. His *Newmarket, a Satire*, the lines are admirably turned, and their severity is by no means overcharged. The *Pastoral in the manner of Spenser*, is an ingenious imitation, and the *Ode on the Approach of Summer*, is replete with true Poetry. The *Hamlet* is a delightful picture of rural life, or rather of the life of the husbandman *Fœlix si sua bona norit*. The *Suicide* is characterized by bold personification, picturesque description, and pathetic sentiment. The *Ode written at Vale Royal-Abbey* is much in the style and manner of Gray's "Church-Yard Elegy," and appears to be modelled upon it ; yet it wants the simplicity of the latter. He seems also to have had Gray in view in his *Crusade*, and the *Grave of King Arthur* ; for they are much in the wild strains of his Cambrian Lyre. They are not inferior to Gray's "Triumphs of Owen" and "Death of Hoel ;" at the same time, they have more perspicuity. In the *Ode for Music*, are spirit, force, and fancy, which will give pleasure to an Englishman, as long as the present language remains intelligible.

Among the pieces of pleasantry and humour, *The Progress of Discontent* is one of the most agreeable.

The

The Castle Barber's Soliloquy, and the *Oxford Newsmen's Verses* are Hudibrastic Compositions ; of which much of the merit consists in the rhymes. The *Prologue on the old Winchester Play-House, over the Butcher's Shambles*, is full of wit and humour. The *Phæton and the One-Horse Chair*, is a manifest imitation of Smart's Fable of "The Bag-Wig and Tobacco-pipe." The *Grizzle*, and the *Epistle to Thomas Hearn*, are locally humorous. The *Panegyric on Oxford Ale*, is a close imitation of J. Philips's "Splendid Shilling."

In the construction of Sonnets in the Italian measure, he seems more ingenious and happy than most of those that have attempted that species of composition. The Sonnets written at Winflade, and on the *River London*, are eminently beautiful.

It has been observed, and with justice, that he is particularly happy in Descriptive Poetry ; and he has in his *New-Year* and *Birth-Day* Ode, rendered it necessary to extend this praise to his excellence in Gothic description, for which he probably qualified himself by his study of Chaucer, Spenser, and other old authors who have described the feats of "Knights and Barons bold ;" who

In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hang.

The Odes for 1787 and 1788, while he had no splendid foreign or domestic events to celebrate, or any calamities to deplore, abound with Gothic pictures and embellishments, which give that kind of richness to those poems, that time confers on productions of the pencil.

Birth

Birth-Day Odes have so long been treated with obloquy and contempt, that however well they may be written, they are not only read with reluctance, but with determined severity : and yet we find in those of Warton, a Pindaric boldness and fire, which scholars of taste and candour must perceive, however they may withhold their praise.

ODES.

ODE I.

FOR MUSIC,

As performed at the Theatre in Oxford, on the 2d of July 1751. Being the Anniversary appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, for the Commemoration of Benefactors to the University.

"Quirque sacerdo'es casti, dum vita manebat;
"Quirque iu' vates, et Phoebus digna locuti;
"Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes;
"Quirque sui memores alios fecere merendo;
"Omnibus hi."----- *Virg.*

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

WHERE shall the muse, that on the sacred shell,
Of men in arts and arms renown'd,
The solemn strain delights to swell;
Ch! where shall Clio choose a race,
Whom fame with every laurel, every grace,
Like those of Albion's envied isle, has crown'd?

CHORUS.

Daughter and mistress of the sea,
All-honour'd Albion hail!
Where'er thy commerce spreads the swelling sail,
Ne'er shall she find a land like thee,
So brave, so learned, and so free;
All-honour'd Albion, hail!

RECITATIVE.

But in this princely land of all that's good and great,
Would Clio seek the most distinguish'd seat,
Most blest, where all is so sublimely blest,
That with superior grace o'erlooks the rest,
Like a rich gem in circling gold enshrin'd;

AIR I.

Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore,

That ever felt fair culture's hands,
Or Spring's embroider'd mantle wore,
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands;

CHORUS

Virtue's awful throne!
Wisdom's immortal source!

RECITATIVE.

Thee well her best belov'd may boasting Albion own,
Whence each fair purpose of ingenious praise,
All that in thought or deed divine is deem'd,
In one unbounded tide, one unremitted course,
From age to age has still successive stream'd;
Where learning and where liberty have nurs'd,
For those that in their ranks have shone the first,
Their most luxuriant growth of ever-blooming bays.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

In ancient days, when she, the queen endu'd,
With more than female fortitude,
Bonduca led her painted ranks to fight;
Oft times, in adamantine arms array'd,
Pallas descended from the realms of light,
Imperial Britones! thy kindred aid,
As once, all-glowing from the well-fought day,
The goddesses sought a cooling stream,
By chance, inviting with their glassy gleam,
Fair Isis waters flow'd not far away.

Eager she view'd the wave,
On the cool bank she bar'd her breast,
To the soft gale her locks ambrosial gave;
And thus the wat'ry nymph address'd:

AIR II.

"Hear, gentle nymph, whoe'er thou art,
"Thy sweet refreshing stores impart:
"A goddess from thy mossy brink
"Asks of thy chrystal stream to drink:
"Lo! Pallas asks the friendly gift;
"Thy coral-crowned tresses lift,
"Rise from the wave, propitious pow'r,
"O listen from thy pearly bow'r."

RECITATIVE.

Her accents His calm attention caught,
 As lonesome in her secret cell,
 In ever-varying hues, as mimic fancy taught,
 She rang'd the many-tinctur'd shell:
 Then from her work arose the Naïs mild;

AIR III.

She rose, and sweetly smil'd,
 With many a lovely look,
 That whisper'd soft consent:

RECITATIVE.

She smil'd, and gave the goddess in her flood
 To dip her cask, though dy'd in recent blood;
 While Pallas, as the boon she took,
 Thus pour'd the grateful sentiment:

AIR IV.

“ For this thy flood the fairest name
 “ Of all Britannia's streams shall glide,
 “ Best fav'rite of the sons of fame,
 “ Of ev'ry tuneful breast the pride;
 “ For on thy borders, bounteous queen,
 “ Where now the cowslip paints the green
 “ With unregarded grace,
 “ Her wanton herds where nature feeds,
 “ As lonesome on the breezy reeds
 “ She bends her silent pace;
 “ Lo! there, to wisdom's goddess dear,
 “ A far fam'd city shall her turrets rear,

RECITATIVE.

“ There all her force shall Pallas prove;
 “ Of classic leaf with every crown,
 “ Each olive, meed of old renown,
 “ Each ancient wreath, which Athens wove
 “ I'll bid her blooming bow'rs abound;
 “ And Oxford's sacred seats shall tow'r
 “ To thee, mild Naïs of the flood,
 “ The trophy of my gratitude!
 “ The temple of my pow'r!”

RECITATIVE.

Nor was the pious promise vain;
 Soon illustrious Alfred came,
 And pitch'd fair wisdom's tent on Isis' plenteous plain.
 Alfred, on thee shall all the muses wait.

AIR V. AND CHORUS.

Alfred, majestic name,
 Of all our praise the spring!
 Thee all thy sons shall sing,
 Deck'd with the martial and the civic wreath:
 In notes most awful shall the trumpet breath
 To thee, great Romulus of learning's richest state.

RECITATIVE.

Nor Alfred's bounteous hand alone,
 Oxford, thy rising temples own:
 Soon many a sage munificent,
 The prince, the prelate, laurel-crown'd crowd,
 Their ample bounty lent
 To build the beauteous monument
 That Pallas vow'd.

RECITATIVE ACCOMP.

And now she lifts her head sublime,
 Majestic in the mists of time;
 Nor wants there Grecia's better part,
 'Mid the proud piles of ancient art,
 Whose fretted spires, with ruder hand,
 Wainfleet and Wickham bravely plann'd;
 Nor decent Doric to dispense
 New charms 'mid old magnificence;
 And here and there soft Corinth weaves
 Her dædal coronet of leaves;

DUET.

While, as with rival pride their tower's invade the sky,
 Radcliffe and Bodley seem to vie,
 Which shall deserve the foremost place,
 Or Gothic strength, or Attic grace.

RECITATIVE

O Isis! ever will I chaunt thy praise:
 Not that thy sons have struck the golden lyre

With hands most skilful; have their brows entwin'd
 With every fairest flower of Helicon,
 The sweetest swans of all th' harmonious choir;
 And bade the musing mind
 Of every science pierce the pathless ways,
 And from the rest the wreath of wisdom won;

AIR VI.

But that thy sons have dar'd to feel
 For freedom's cause a sacred zeal;
 With British breast, and patriot pride,
 Have still corruption's cup defy'd;
 In dangerous days untaught to fear,
 Have held the name of honour dear.

RECITATIVE.

But chief on this illustrious day,
 The muse her loudest Pæans loves to pay.
 Erewhile she strove with accents weak
 In vain to build the lofty rhyme;
 At length, by better days of bounty cheer'd,
 She dares unfold her wing.

AIR VII.

Hail hour of transport most sublime!
 In which, the man rever'd,
 Immortal Crew commands to sing,
 And gives the pipe to breathe, the string to speak.

CHORUS.

Blest prelate, hail!
 Most pious patron, most triumphant theme!
 From whose auspicious hand
 On Isis' tow'rs new beauties beam,
 New praise her nursing fathers gain;
 Immortal Crew!
 Blest prelate, hail!

RECITATIVE.

E'en now fir'd fancy sees thee lead
 To fame's high-seated fane
 The shouting band!
 O'er every hallowed head

Fame's choicest wreaths she sees thee spread:
Alfred superior smiles the solemn scene to view;

AIR VIII.

And bids the goddess lift
Her loudest trumpet to proclaim,
O Crew, thy consecrated gift
And echo with his own in social strains thy name.
[Chorus repeated.]

ODE II.

MORNING.

THE AUTHOR CONFINED TO COLLEGE, 1745.

Scribimus inclusi. - - - - -

Perf. Sat. 1. v. 13.

ONCE more the vernal sun's ambrosial beams,
The fields, as with a purple robe adorn:
Charwell, thy sedgey banks, and glist'ring streams,
All laugh and sing at mild approach of morn.
Through the deep groves I hear the chaunting birds,
And thro' the clover'd vale the various-lowling herds.

Up mounts the mower from his lowly thatch,
Well pleas'd the progress of the spring to mark,
The fragrant breath of breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her couch the early lark;
More genuine pleasure sooths his tranquil breast,
Than high-thron'd kings can boast, in eastern glory
drest.

The pensive poet through the green-wood steals
Or treads the willow'd marge of murmuring
brook;
Or climbs the steep ascent of airy hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching oak,
Whence various scenes and prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing mind with fancies high to glow.
But I nor with the day awake to bliss,
(Inelegant to me fair nature's face,
A blank the beauty of the morning is,
And grief and darkness all for light and grace);

Nor bright the sun, nor green the meads appear,
Nor colour charms mine eye, nor melody mine ear.

Me, void of elegance and manners mild,
With leaden rod, stern discipline restrains;
Stiff pedantry, of learned pride the child,
My roving genius binds in Gothic chains;
Nor can the cloister'd muse expand her wing,
Nor bid these twilight roofs with her gay carols ring.

ODE III.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

WITH dalliance rude young zephyr wooes
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boisterous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a scornful smile complies.
Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleet storm returning still,
The morning hoar, and evening chill;
Reluctant comes the timid spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound
Scarce a sickly straggling flower
Decks the rough castle's rifted tower:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom,
Slowly shoots the golden broom:
And, but by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubbery's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest broidery shone,
Every chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand
The fresh-turn'd foil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades;
Fringing the Forest's devious edge,
Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon;
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns, and flattering skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen shower,
If a cloud should haply lower,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his watery veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail;
She mounts, and lessening to the sight,
Salutes the blithe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks enclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark,
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groupes of various trees;

While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The fofs that skirts the beaten'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pride
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe:

ODES.

Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

ODE IV.

ON THE APPROACH OF SUMMER.

"To dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cæli,
"Adventumque tuum; tibi suavis dædala tellus
"Submittit flores; tibi vident æquora ponti;
"Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cælum." *Lucretius.*

HENCE, iron-scepter'd Winter haste
To bleak Siberian waste!
Haste to thy polar solitude;
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whose torrents dumb are stretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by fleetly show'rs,
The gloomy Gothic castle tow'rs;
Amid whose howling aisles and halls,
Where no gay sunbeam paints the walls:
On ebon throne thou lov'st to shroud
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I see thy train retreat:
Thy ruthless host stern Eurus guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whose robe are shown
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim Auster, drooping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And cold, like Zemblan savage seen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat embost
With icicles, his brother Frost.
Winter farewell! thy forests hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more.
Farewell the fields, so bare and wild!
But come thou rose-check'd cherub mild,
Sweetest Summer! haste thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year

Thee April blithe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolic'd o'er,
With musky nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's first dawning spring),
To gather balm of choicest dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;
To cull the essence of rich smells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he skim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, smiling sweet;
Where a tall citron's shade embrown'd
The soft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an amaranth he bed
Thee with rare nectarine juice he fed;
Till soon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddess debonair;
And then he gave the blessed isle
Aye to be sway'd beneath thy smile:
There plac'd thy green and grassy shrine,
With myrtle bower'd and Jessamine:
And to thy care the task assign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roseate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haste thee nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantastic-footed Joy,
With sport, that yellow-tressed boy.
Leisure, that through the balmy sky
Chases a crimson butterfly.
Bring health that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleasure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving shepherdes!
And that sweet stripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear muse, that loves to lean
On river-margins, mossy green.

But who is she, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her tresses flow with pastoral air;
'Tis May, the grace——confest she stands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightsome dew,
Their wings all-ting'd in Iris-hues;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
And paint with pansies all the way.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,
Has drest the groves in liv'ry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While evening, veil'd in shadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And mists in spreading steams convey
More fresh the fumes of new-thorn hay;
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As slow he winds in museful mood,
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,
Whence Shakespeare cull'd the spiky sedge,
All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.
There through the dusk but dimly seen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the shepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chants
The Woodman, speeding home, a while
Rests him at a shady stile.
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's spicy sweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor sound of distant-tinkling bell:

Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;
Ruffle the breezes lightly borne
Or deep embattl'd ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,
Full loud the chaffer-swarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thousand dyes invest
The ruby chambers of the West!
That all astant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-streaming rays
Far seen its arched windows blaze:
And the tall grove's green top is dight
In russet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay scene by degrees
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;
And fancy to my ravash'd sight
Portrays her kindred visions bright.
At length the parting light subdues
My soften'd soul to calmer views,
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,
Till from the path I fondly stray
In musings lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering through the landscape still,
Till melancholy has her fill;
And on each moss-wove border damp,
The glow worm hangs his fairy lamps.
But when the sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his highest tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing goddess, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and swains, a busy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The russet piles to lean beneath:
There as my listless limbs are thrown
On couch more soft than palace down;
I listen to the busy sound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;

And see the team shrill-tinkling pass,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd grass.

But ever, after summer-show'r,
When the bright sun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the storm,
And cheer'd reviving nature's form;
By sweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholesome path pursue,
There issuing forth the frequent snail,
Wears the dank way with slimy trail,
While as I walk, from pearled bush,
The funny-sparkling drop I brush,
And all the landscape fair I view
Clad in robe of fresher hue;
And so loud the black-bird sings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From shelter deep of shaggy rock,
The shepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blithe
With new-born vigour grasps the scythe;
While o'er the smooth unbounded meads
His last faint gleam the rainbow spreads.

But ever against restless heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd seat,
O'er whose dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;
Haunted by that chaste nymph alone,
Whose waters cleave the smoothed stone;
Which, as they gush upon the ground,
Still scatter misty dews around:
A rustic, wild, grotesque alcove,
Its side with mantling woodbines wove:
Cool is the cave where Cilo dwells,
Whence Helicon's fresh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where sylvan sleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny steeps.

Me, goddess, in such cavern lay,
While all without is scorched in day;
Sore sighs the weary swain, beneath
His with'ring hawthorn on the heath;

The drooping hedger wishes eve,
In vain, of labour short reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing sands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler stands:
Low sinks his heart, while round his eye
Measures the scenes that boundless lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where thirst, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wish some cooling wave
To flake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whisper low,
He hears a bursting fountain flow.

Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of sage solitude!
There within a nook most dark,
Where none my musing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whisper'd rite
The genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his chosen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Ilissus laureate shore——
Till high on waving nest reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the forest-fringed vale,
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowslips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midst, with sedges gray
Crown'd, a scant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling through the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freshness breathes,
O'er the solitary green,
Nor cot, nor loitering hind is seen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repose,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A scene might tempt some peaceful sage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his pensive eld might choose
On virtue's holy lore to muse.

Yet still the sultry noon t' appease
Some more romantic scene might please;
Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenser's lavish pencil drawn.
Or bow'r in Vallambrosa's shade,
By legandary pens pourtray'd.
Haste let me shroud from painful light
On that hoar hill's aerial height,
In solemn state, where waving wide,
Thick pines with dark'ning umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud castle's painted bow'rs,
Whence Hardyknute, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Descended from the stately feast,
Begirt with many a warrior guest,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring launch and twanging string,
As through the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies spelt in mystic rhymes,
To teach inquiring later times,
What open force, or secret guile,
Dash'd into dust the solemn pile.

But when mild morn in saffron stole
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence nature's universal face,
Illumin'd smiles with new-born grace,
The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear;
O! every village charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and clmy grange!
Content, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,

And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.

'Tis thou alone, O Summer mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes,
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens,
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a bow'r of blifs!
With thee conversing all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve.
In valleys where mild whispers use,
Of shade and stream, to court the muse,
While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the stock-dove's dying dirge.

But when life's busier scene is o'er,
And age shall give the tresses hoar,
I'd fly soft luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bow'rs
Its tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!
Still grot of peace! in lowly shed
Who loves to rest her gentle head.
For not the scenes of attic art
Can comfort care, or sooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.

Thither, kind Heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and cheerful night,
The social scene of dear delight:

The conscience pure, the temper gay,
 The musing eve, and idle day.
 Give me beneath cool shades to sit,
 Rapt with the charms of classic wit;
 To catch the bold heroic flame,
 That built immortal Græcia's fame.
 Nor let me fail, meantime, to raise
 The solemn song to Britain's praise:
 To spurn the shepherd's simple reeds
 And paint heroic antient deeds:
 To chaunt fam'd Arthur's magic tale,
 And Edward, stern in fable mail;
 Or wand'ring Brutus' lawless doom,
 Or brave Bonduca, scourge of Rome.

O ever to sweet poesy,
 Let me live true votary!
 She shall lead me by the hand,
 Queen of sweet smiles, and solace bland!
 She from her precious stores shall shed
 Ambrosial flow'rets o'er my head:
 She, from my tender youthful cheek
 Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
 The secret and unpitied tear,
 Which still I drop in darkness drear,
 She shall be my blooming bride,
 With her, as years successive glide,
 I'll hold divinest dalliance,
 For ever held in holy trance.

ODE V.

SENT TO A FRIEND, ON HIS LEAVING A FA-
 VOURITE VILLAGE IN HAMPSHIRE.

AH mourn, thou lov'd retreat! no more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 Who now shall climb its brows to view
 The length of landscape, ever new,

Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture, far and wide!
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall:
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train;
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire!
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind.
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean!
Who mid thy nooks of hazel fit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak!
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wand'ring at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowrets idly grac'd!
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky!
For lo! the bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature past;

Who felt the muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes, and airy powers.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake:
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
Rise beckoning from the reedy brook.
Around the glowworm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage inchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fablers tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wonderful wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.

If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show,
 His transitory charm withdrew,
 Away th' illusive landscape flew ;
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold :
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd :
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

ODE VI.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHERWELL.*

ALL pensive from her osier-woven bow'r
 Cherwell arose. Around her darkening edge
 Pale eve began the steaming mist to pour,
 And breezes fann'd by fits the rustling sedge ;
 She rose, and thus she cried in deep despair,
 And tore the rushy wreath that bound her streaming
 hair.

Ah ! why, she cried, should Isis share alone,
 The tributary gifts of tuneful fame !
 Shall every song her happier influence own,
 And stamp with partial praise her favourite name ?
 While I, alike to those proud domes allied,
 Nor hear the muse's call, nor boast a classic tide.
 No chosen son of all yon fabling band
 Bids my loose locks their glossy length diffuse ;
 Nor sees my coral-cinctur'd stole expand
 Its folds, besprent with Spring's unnumber'd hues :
 No poet builds my grotto's dripping cell,
 Nor studs my crystal throne with many a speckled shell.
 In Isis' vase if fancy's eye discern
 Majestic towers emboss'd in sculpture high ;
 Lo ! milder glories mark my modest urn,
 The simple scenes of pastoral imagery :
 What though she pace sublime, a stately queen ?
 Mine is the gentle grace, the meek retiring mien

* One of the rivers at Oxford.

Proud nymph, since late the muse thy triumphs sung,
 No more with mine thy scornful Naiads play,
 (While Cynthia's lamp o'er the proud vale is hung)
 Where meet our streams, indulging short delay:
 No more, thy crown to braid, thou deign'st to take
 My cress-born flowers that float in many a shady lake.

Vain bards! can Isis win the raptur'd soul,
 Where art each wilder watery charin invades?
 Whose waves, in measur'd volumes taught to roll,
 Or stagnant sleep, or rush in white cascades:
 Whose banks with echoing industry resound,
 Fenc'd by the foam-beat pier, and torrent-braving
 mound.

Lo; here no commerce spreads the fervent toil,
 To pour pollution o'er my virgin tide;
 The freshness of my pastures to defile.
 Or bruise the matted groves that fringe my side:
 But solitude, on this sequester'd bank,
 Mid the moist lilies sits, attir'd in mantle dank.

No ruder sounds my grazing herds affright,
 Nor mar the milk-maid's solitary song:
 The jealous halcyon wheels her humble flight,
 And hides her emerald wing my reeds among;
 All unalarm'd, save when the genial May
 Bids wake my peopled shores, and rears the ripen'd hay.

Then scorn no more this unfrequented scene;
 So to new notes shall my coy echo bring
 Her lonely harp. Hither the brow serene,
 And the slow pace of contemplation spring:
 Nor call in vain inspiring ecstacy
 To bid her visions meet the frenzy-rolling eye.

Whate'er the theme: if unrequited love
 Seek, all unseen, his bashful griefs to breathe;
 Or fame to bolder flights the bosom move,
 Waving aloft the glorious epic wreath;
 Here hail the muses, from the busy throng
 Remote, where fancy dwells, and nature prompts the
 song.

ODE VII.

TO SLEEP.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle sleep!
 Descend, in all thy downy plumage drest:
 Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
 And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O sleep my senses in oblivion's balm,
 And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
 This tempest of my boiling blood becalm!—
 Despair grows mild at thy supreme command.

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
 And sadly toiling through the tedious night,
 I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
 For ever hovering, haunts my wretched sight.

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows charm:
 Black midnight, and the blaze of noon, alike
 To me appear, while with uplifted arm
 Death stands prepar'd, but still delays, to strike.

ODE VIII.

THE HAMLET.

Written in Whichwood Forest.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
 To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
 Nor haunt the croud, nor tempt the main,
 For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
 Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
 They rove abroad in ether blue,
 To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
 The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell
 That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
 Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:

On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue;
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening vallies o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice fray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To robe the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers;
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

ODE IX.

SENT TO MR. UPTON. ON HIS EDITION OF THE
FAERIE QUEEN.

AS oft reclin'd on Cherwell's shelving shore,
I trac'd romantic Spenser's moral page;
And sooth'd my sorrows with the dulcet lore
Which fancy fabled in her elfin age:

Much would I grieve, that envious time so soon
O'er the lov'd strain had cast his dim disguise;
As lowering clouds, in April's brightest noon,
Mar the pure splendours of the purple skies.

Sage Upton came, from every mystic tale
To chase the gloom that hung o'er Fairy ground:
His wizard hand unlocks each guarded vale,
And opes each flowery forest's magic bound.

Thus, never knight with mortal arms essay'd
The castle of proud Busyrane to quell;
Till Britomart her beamy shield display'd,
And broke with golden spear the mighty spell:

The dauntless maid, with hardy step explor'd
Each room, array'd in glistering imagery;
And through th' enchanted chamber, richly stor'd,
Saw Cupid's stately mask come sweeping by.*—

At this, where'er, in distant region sheen,
She roves, embower'd with many a spangled bough,
Mild Una, lifting her majestic mien,
Braids with a brighter wreath her radiant brow.

At this, in hopeless sorrow dropping long,
Her painted wings imagination plumes;
Pleas'd that her laureate votary's rescued song
Its native charm, and genuine grace resumes,

* See *Fairy Queen*, iii. 2. 5.

ODE X.

WRITTEN AT VALE-ROYAL ABBEY, IN CHESHIRE.*

AS ev'ning slowly spreads his mantle hoar,
 No ruder sounds the bounded valley fill,
 Than the faint din, from yonder sedgey shore,
 Of rushing waters, and the murmuring mill.
 How sunk the scene, where cloister'd leisure mus'd!
 Where war-worn Edward paid his awful vow;
 And, lavish of magnificence, diffus'd
 His crouded spires o'er the broad mountain's brow!
 The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown,
 Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made,
 Are rest, and every battlement-o'ergrown
 With knotted thorns, and the tall sapling's shade.
 The prickly thistle sheds it's plummy crest,
 And matted nettles shade the crumbling mass,
 Where shone the pavement's surface smooth, impress'd
 With rich reflection of the storied glass.
 Here hardy chieftans slept in proud repose,
 Sublimely shrin'd in gorgeous imagery;
 And through the lessening aisles, in radiant rows,
 Their consecrated banners hung on high.
 There oxen browse, and there the sable yew
 Through the dun void displays its baleful glooms;
 And sheds in lingering drops ungenial dew,
 O'er the forgotten graves, and scatter'd tombs.
 By the slow clock, in stately-measur'd chime,
 That from the massy tow'r tremendous toll'd,
 No more the ploughman counts the tedious time,
 Nor distant shepherd pens his twilight fold.
 High o'er the trackless heath at midnight seen,
 No more the windows, rang'd in long array,
 (Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
 Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.

* Founded by king Edward the First, about the year 1300, in consequence of a vow which he made when in danger of being shipwrecked, during his return from a crusade.

Ev'n now, amid the wavering ivy-wreaths,
(While kindred thoughts the pensive sounds inspire)
When the weak breeze in many a whisper breathes,
I seem to listen to the chanting quire.—

As o'er these shatter'd towers intent we muse,
Though rear'd by charity's capricious zeal,
Yet can our breasts soft pity's sigh refuse,
Or conscious candour's modest plea conceal?

For though the forcerefs, superstition blind,
Amid the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
O'er the dim roofs, to cheat the tranced mind,
Oft bade her visionary gleams arise.

Though the vain hours unsocial sloth beguil'd,
While the still cloister's gate oblivion lock'd;
And through the chambers pale, to slumbers mild
Wan indolence her drowsy cradle rock'd:

Yet hence, enthron'd in venerable state,
Proud hospitality dispens'd her store:
Ah, see, beneath yon tower's unvaulted gate,
Forlorn she sits upon the brambled floor!

Her ponderous vase, with Gothic portraiture
Emboss'd, no more with balmy moisture flows;
Mid the mix'd shards overwhelm'd in dust obscure,
No more, as erst, the golden goblet glows.

Sore beat by storms in glory's arduous way,
Here might ambition muse, a pilgrim sage:
Here raptur'd see, religion's evening ray
Gild the calm walks of his reposing age.

Here ancient art her dedal fancies play'd
In the quaint mazes of the crisped roof;
In mellow glooms the speaking pane array'd,
And rang'd the cluster'd column, massy-proof.

Here learning, guarded from a barbarous age,
Hover'd awhile, nor dar'd attempt the day;
But patient trac'd upon the pictur'd page
The holy legend, or heroic lay,

Hither the solitary minstrel came
 An honour'd guest, while the grim evening sky
 Hung lowering, and around the social flame
 Tun'd his bold harp to tales of chivalry.
 Thus sings the muse, all pensive and alone;
 Nor scorns, within the deep fane's inmost cell,
 To pluck the gray moss from the mantled stone,
 Some holy founder's mouldering name to spell.
 Thus sings the muse:—yet partial as she sings,
 With fond regret surveys these ruin'd piles:
 And with fair images of ancient things
 The captive bard's obsequious mind beguiles.
 But much we pardon to th' ingenious muse;
 Her fairy shapes are trick'd by fancy's pen:
 Severer reason forms far other views,
 And scans the scene with philosophic ken.
 From these deserted domes, new glories rise;
 More useful institutes, adorning man,
 Manners enlarg'd, and new civil ties,
 On fresh foundations build the social plan.
 Science, on ampler plume, a bolder flight
 Essays, escap'd from superstitions shrine:
 While freed religion, like primeval light
 Bursting from chaos, spreads her warmth divine.

ODE XI.

ODE TO A GRIZZLE WIG.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT OFF
 HIS BOB.

ALL hail, ye curls, that rang'd in reverend row,
 With snowy pomp my conscious shoulders hide:
 That fall beneath in venerable flow,
 And crown my brows above with feathery pride!
 High on your summit, wisdom's mimic'd air
 Sits thron'd, with pedantry her solemn fire,
 And in her net of awe-diffusing hair,
 Entangles fools, and bids the crowd admire.

O'er every lock, that floats in full display,
Sage ignorance her gloom scholastic throws;
And stamps o'er all my visage, once so gay,
Unmeaning gravity's serene repose.

Can thus large wigs our reverence engage?
Have barbers thus the pow'r to blind our eyes?
Is science thus conferr'd on every sage,
By Baylifs, Blenkinfop, and lofty Wife*?

But thou, farewell, my bob! whose thin-wove
thatch

Was stor'd with quibs and cranks, and wanton wiles,
That love to live within the one-curl'd scratch,
With fun, and all the family of smiles.

Safe in thy privilege, near Isis' brook,
Whole afternoons at Wolvercote I quaff'd;
At eve my careless round in High-Street took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the casual draught.

No more the wherry feels my stroke so true;
At skittles, in a grizzle, can I play?
Woodstock farewell! and Wallingford adieu!
Where many a scheme reliev'd the lingering day.

Such were the joys that once Hilario crown'd,
Ere grave preferment came my peace to rob:
Such are the less ambitious pleasures found
Beneath the liceat of an humble bob.

* Eminent peruke-makers in Oxford.

ODE XII.
THE CRUSADE.

Advertisement

KING RICHARD the first, celebrated for his achievements in the crusades, was no less distinguished for his patronage of the provincial minstrels, and his own compositions in their species of poetry. Returning from one of his expeditions in the holy land, in disguise, he was imprisoned in a castle of Leopold duke of Austria. His favourite minstrel, Blondel, de Nesle, having traversed all Germany, in search of his master, at length came to a castle in which he found there was only one prisoner, and whose name was unknown. Suspecting that he had made the desired discovery, he seated himself under a window of the prisoner's apartment; and began a song or ode, which the king and himself had formerly composed together. When the prisoner, who was King Richard, heard the song, he knew that Blondel must be the singer: and when Blondel paused about the middle, the king began the remainder, and completed it. The following ode is supposed to be this joint composition of the minstrel and King Richard.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp and boldly sung:
“ Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
“ English Richard ploughs the deep!
“ Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
“ From distant towers, with anxious eye,
“ The radiant range of shield and lance
“ Down Damascus' hills advance:
“ From Sion's turrets, as afar
“ Ye ken the march of Europe's war!

"Saladin, thou paynim king,
 "From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
 "On Acon's * spiry citadel,
 "Though to the gale thy banners swell
 "Pictur'd with the silver moon;
 "England shall end thy glory soon!
 "In vain, to break our firm array,
 "Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
 "Those sounds our rising fury fan:
 "English Richard in the van.
 "On to victory we go,
 "A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,
 And swept the wire with glowing hand,
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
 And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
 Far along the siniling main
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
 That gave a murder'd Saviour birth:
 Then with ardour fresh endu'd.
 Thus the solemn song renew'd.

"Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
 "Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
 "Object of our holy vow,
 "We tread the Tyrian vallies now.
 "From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
 "We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
 "O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
 "Waves the date-empurple'd palm,
 "See, Lebanon's aspiring head
 "Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
 "Hail Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
 "Wet with our Redeemer's gore!
 "Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
 "Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
 "Your ravish'd honours to restore,
 "Fearless we climb this hostile shore?

* A capital Christian city and fortress of Syria.

" And thou, the sepulchre of God !
 " By mocking pagans rudely trod,
 " Bereft of every awful rite,
 " And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright ;
 " For thee, from Britain's distant coast.
 " Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !
 " Aloft in his heroic hand,
 " Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
 " O'er the far-affrighted fields,
 " Resistless Kaliburn he wields*.
 " Proud Saracen, pollute no more
 " The shrines by martyrs built of yore !
 " From each wild mountain's trackless crown
 " In vain, thy gloomy castles frown :
 " Thy battering engines, huge and high,
 " In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;
 " And, rolling in terrific state,
 " On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
 " When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
 " Amid the moon-light vapours damp,
 " Thy necromantic forms, in vain ;
 " Haunt us on the tented plain :
 " We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
 " Ashtaroath, and Termagaunt !
 " With many a demon, pale of hue,
 " Doom'd to drink the bitter dew
 " That drops from Macon's footy tree,
 " Mid the dread grove of ebony.
 " Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
 " The Christian's holy courage quell.
 " Salem in ancient majesty
 " Arise, and lift thee to the sky !
 " Soon on thy battlements divine
 " Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
 " Ye barons, to the sun unfold
 " Our cross with crimson wove and gold !"

* Kaliburn is the Sword of King Arthor : Which, as the Monkish historians say, came into the possession of Richard the first ; and was given by that monarch in the crusades, to Tancred King of Sicily, as a royal present of inestimable price, about the year 1190. See Ode XIV.

ODE XIII.

THE SUICIDE.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A slayer of himself* holds his accurs'd abode.

Lour'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And fought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to sleep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.
Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,

* "The Slayer of himself," is used by Dryden for a Suicide.

A spectre pale, appear'd;
 While, as the shades of eve arose
 And brought the day's unwelcome close,
 More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this, mistaken scorn will cry,
 "Is this the youth, whose genius high
 "Could build the genuine rhyme?
 "Whose bosom mild the favouring muse,
 "Had stor'd with all her ample views,
 "Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the muse that bosom mild
 By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
 To strike the deathful blow:
 She fill'd his soft ingenious mind
 With many a feeling too refin'd,
 And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
 And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
 To griefs congenial prone,
 More wounds than nature gave he knew,
 While misery's form his fancy drew
 In dark ideal hues, and horror's not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
 The baleful night-shade's lurid bloom
 To drop its deadly dew:
 Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
 That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
 With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
 Adorn his desolated dust,
 With speaking sculpture wrought?
 Pity shall woo the weeping nin-,
 To build a visionary shrine,
 Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions
 brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
 Here viewless mourners shall delight

To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

“Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
“Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
“The wreath of glory twine:
“In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
“Gay fancy gives her vest to flow,
“Unless truth's matron-hand the floating folds con-
fine.

“Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
“Permits through life at large to rove
“The tribes of hell-born woe:
“Yet the same power that wisely sends
“Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
“Religion's golden shield to break the embattled foe.
“Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
“Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
“And stay'd the rising storm:
“Had bade the sun of hope appear
“To gild his darkn'd hemisphere,
“And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
“form.

“Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
“To take, what first it deign'd to give,
“Thy tributary breath:
“In awful expectation plac'd,
“Await thy doom, nor impious haste
“To pluck from God's right hand his instruments
“of death.”

ODE X.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

Advertisement.

KING HENRY the Second having undertaken an expedition into Ireland, to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick King of Connaught, commonly called O'Connor Dun, or *the Brown Monarch of Ireland*, was entertained, in his passage through Wales, with the songs of the Welsh bards. The subject of their poetry was King Arthur, whose history had been so disguised by fabulous inventions, that the place of his burial was in general scarcely known or remembered. But in one of these Welsh poems sung before Henry, it was recited, that King Arthur, after the battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, was interred at Glastonbury abbey, before the high altar, yet without any external mark or memorial. Afterwards Henry visited the abbey, and commanded the spot described by the bard to be opened: When digging near 20 feet deep, they found the body, deposited under a large stone, inscribed with Arthur's name. This is the ground-work of the following ode: But for the better accommodation of the story to our present purpose, it is told with some slight variations from the Chronicle of Glastonbury. The castle of Cilgarran, where this discovery is supposed to have been made, now a romantic ruin, stands on a rock descending to the river Tievi, in Pembrokehire; and was built by Roger Montgomery, who led the van of the Normans at Hastings.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer;
 Girt with many an armed peer,
 And canopied with golden pall,
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
 Sublime in formidable state,
 And warlike splendour, Henry fate;
 Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood,
 Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flam'd aloof;

From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream :
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-window'd hall,
 The storied tapestry was hung :
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glitter'd bright :
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Mona, nurse of song,
 From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
 From many a shaggy precipice
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
 To crown the banquet's solemn close.
 Themes of British glory chose ;
 And to the strings of various chime
 Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme :

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
 “ High the screaming sea-mew soared ;
 “ On Tintagel's * topmost tower
 “ Darksome fell the fleety shower ;
 “ Round the rough castle shrilly sung
 “ The whirling blast, and wildly flung
 “ On each tall rampart's thundering side
 “ The surges of the tumbling tide :
 “ When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
 “ On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks ;
 “ By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
 “ Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
 “ Yet in vain a paynim foe
 “ Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
 “ For when he fell, an elfin queen,
 “ All in secret and unseen,

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the southern coasts of Cornwall.

“ O’er the fainting hero threw
 “ Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;
 “ And bade her spirits bear him far,
 “ In Merlin’s agate-axled car,
 “ To her green isle’s enamel’d steep,
 “ Far in the navel of the deep.
 “ O’er his wounds she sprinkled dew
 “ From flowers that in Arabia grew :
 “ On a rich enchanted bed,
 “ She pillow’d his majestic head ;
 “ O’er his brow, with whispers bland,
 “ Thrice she wav’d an opiate wand ;
 “ And to soft music’s airy sound,
 “ Her magic curtains clos’d around.
 “ There, renew’d the vital spring,
 “ Again he reigns a mighty king ;
 “ And many a fair and fragrant clime,
 “ Blooming in immortal prime,
 “ By gales of Eden ever fann’d,
 “ Owns the monarch’s high command :
 “ Thence to Britain shall return,
 “ (If right prophetic rolls I learn)
 “ Borne on victory’s spreading plume,
 “ His ancient sceptre to resume ;
 “ Once more, in old heroic pride,
 “ His barded courser to besride ;
 “ His knightly table to restore,
 “ And the brave tournaments of yore.”

They ceas’d : when on the tuneful stage
 Advanc’d a bard, of aspect sage ;
 His silver tresses, thin besprent,
 To age a graceful reverence lent ;
 His beard all white, as spangles froze
 That clothe Plinlimmon’s forests hoar,
 Down to his harp descending flow’d ;
 With time’s faint rose his features glow’d
 His eyes diffus’d a soften’d fire,
 And thus he wak’d the warbling wire :
 “ Listen, Henry, to my reed !
 “ Not from fairy realms I lead

“ Bright-rob’d tradition, to relate
 “ In forged colours Arthur’s fate;
 “ Though much of old romantic lore
 “ On the high theme I keep in store:
 “ But boastful fiction should be dumb,
 “ Where truth the strain might best become.
 “ If thine ear may still be won
 “ With songs of Uther’s glorious son;
 “ Henry, I a tale unfold,
 “ Never yet in rhyme enroll’d,
 “ Nor sung nor harp’d in hall or bower;
 “ Which in my youth’s full early flower,
 “ A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 “ Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
 “ Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 “ Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 “ What time the glistening vapours fled
 “ From cloud-envelop’d Clyder’s * head;
 “ And on its sides the torrents gray
 “ Shone to the morning’s orient ray.
 “ When Arthur bow’d his haughty crest.
 “ No princess veil’d in azure vest,
 “ Snatch’d him, by Merlin’s potent spell,
 “ In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
 “ Where, crown’d with wreaths of mistletoe,
 “ Slaughter’d kings in glory go:
 “ But when he fell, with winged speed,
 “ His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 “ From the battle’s hurricane,
 “ Bore him to Joseph’s towered fane,
 “ In the fair vale of Avalon †:
 “ There, with chanted orison,
 “ And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 “ The stoled fathers met the bier;
 “ Through the dim aisles in order dread
 “ Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 “ And deep entomb’d in holy ground,

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.

† Glastonbury abbey, said to be founded by Joseph of Arimathea, in a spot anciently called the Island or valley of Avalonia.

" Before the altar's solemn bound.
 " Around no dusky banners wave,
 " No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
 " Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 " Each trace that time's flow touch had worn;
 " And long o'er the neglected stone,
 " Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
 " The faded tomb, with honour due,
 " 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
 " Thither, when conquest has restor'd
 " Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,
 " When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
 " Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 " There, observant of my lore,
 " The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
 " And thrice a fathom underneath
 " Dive into the vaults of death.
 " There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 " On his gigantic stature gaze;
 " There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 " All in warrior-weeds array'd;
 " Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
 " And weapons huge of old renown.
 " Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
 " From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
 " So may thy ships securely stem
 " The western frith: thy diadem
 " Shine victorious in the van,
 " Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
 " Thy Norman pike-men win their way
 " Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay*:
 " And from the steeps of rough Kildare
 " Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
 " So may thy bow's unerring yew
 " Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrew †."
 Amid the pealing symphony

* The bay of Dublin. Harald, or Har-Sager, the Fair-haired King of Norway, is said, in the life of Grylludh ap Coran, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long-bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted.

The spiced goblets mantled high;
 With passions new the song impress'd
 The listening king's impatient breast:
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
 He scorns a while his bold emprise;
 Ev'n now he seems, with eager pace,
 The consecrated floor to trace;
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
 The treasure of the wonderful tomb:
 Ev'n now, he burns in thought to rear,
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
 Ev'n now fond hope his fancy wings,
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,
 Of magic-temper'd metal made;
 And drag to-day the dinted shield
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
 O'er the sepulchre profound
 Ev'n now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
 The daily dirge, and rites divine.

ODE XV.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1786.*

"DEAR to Jove, a genial isle,
 "Crowns the broad Atlantic wave;
 "The seasons there in mild assemblage smile,
 "And vernal blossoms clothe the fruitful prime:
 "There, in many a fragrant cave,
 "Dwell the spirits of the brave,
 "And braid with amaranth their brows sublime."
 So feign'd the Grecian bards of yore;
 And veil'd in fable's fancy-woven vest
 A visionary shore,
 That faintly gleam'd on their prop'etic eye
 Through the dark volume of futurity:
 Nor knew that in the bright attire they dress'd
 Albion, the green-hair'd heroine of the west:

* The author being Poet Laureate.

Ere yet she claim'd old ocean's high command,
And snatch'd the trident from the tyrant's hand.

Vainly flow'd the mystic rhyme?
Mark the deeds from age to age,
That fill her trophy-pictur'd page:
And see, with all its strength, untam'd by time,
Still glows her valour's veteran rage,
O'er Calpe's cliffs, and steepy tow'rs,
When stream'd the red sulphureous showers,
And death's own hand the dread artillery threw;
While far along the midnight main
Its glaring arch the flaming volley drew:
How triumph'd Elliot's patient train,
Baffling their vain confederate foes!
And met the unwonted fight's terrific form;
And hurling back the burning war, arose
Superior to the fiery storm!

Is there an ocean, that forgets to roll
Beneath the torpid pole;
Nor to the brooding tempest heaves?
Her hardy keel the stubborn billow cleaves.
The rugged Neptune of the wintry brine
In vain his adamant breast-plate wears;
To search coy nature's guarded mine,
She burst the barriers of the indignant ice;
O'er sunless bays the beam of science bears:
And rousing far around the polar sleep,
Where Drake's bold ensigns fear'd to sweep,
She sees new nations flock to some fell sacrifice.
She speeds, at George's sage command,
Society from deep to deep,
And zone to zone she binds;
From shore to shore, o'er every land,
The golden chain of commerce winds.

Meantime her patriot cares explore
Her own rich woof's exhaustless store:
Her native fleece new fervour feels,
And wake us all its whirling wheels,

And mocks the rainbow's radiant dye;
More wide the labours of the loom she spreads,
In firmer hands domestic commerce weds,
And calls her sister-isle to share the tie:

Nor heeds the violence that broke
From filial realms her old parental yoke!

Her cities, throng'd with many an Attic dome,
Ask not the banner'd bastion, massy proof;

Firm as the castle's feudal roof,

Stands the Briton's social home,—

Hear, Gaul, of England's liberty the lot!

Right, order, law, protect her simplest plain;

Nor scorn to guard the shepherd's nightly fold,

And watch around the forest cot.

With conscious certainty the swain

Gives to the ground his trusted grain,

With eager hope the reddening harvest eyes;

And claims the reap autumnal gold,

The meed of toil, of industry the prize

For ours the king, who boast a parent's praise,

Whose hand the people's sceptre sways;

Ours is the senate, not a specious name,

Whose active plans pervade the civil frame,

Where bold debate its noblest war displays,

And, in the kindling strife, unlocks the tide

Of manliest eloquence, and rolls the torrent wide.

Hence then, each vain complaint, away,

Each captious doubt, and cautious fear!

Nor blast the new-born year,

That anxious wait the Spring's slow-shooting ray:

Nor deem that Albion's honours cease to bloom.

With candid glance th' impartial muse

Invok'd on this auspicious morn,

The present scans, the distant scene pursues,

And breaks opinion's speculative gloom:

Interpreter of ages yet unborn,

Full right she spells the characters of fate,

That Albion still shall keep her wonted state!

Still, in eternal story shine,
Of victory the sea-beat shrine;
The source of every splendid art,
Of old, of future worlds, the universal mart.

ODE XVI.

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,
JUNE 4, 1786.

WHEN freedom nurs'd her native fire
In ancient Greece, and rul'd the lyre;
Her bards, disdainful, from the tyrant's brow
The tinsel gifts of flattery tore;
But paid to guiltless power their willing vow:
And to the throne of virtuous kings,
Tempering the tone of their vindictive strings,
From truth's unprostituted shore,
The fragrant wreath of gratulation bore.
'Twas thus Alceus smote the manly chord.
And Pindar on the Persian lord
His notes of indignation hurl'd,
And spurn'd the minstrel slaves of eastern sway,
From trembling Thebes extorting conscious shame;
But o'er the diadem, by freedom's flame
Illum'd, the banner of renown unfurl'd:
Thus to his Hiero decreed,
Mongst the bold chieftains of the Pythian game,
The brightest verdure of Castalia's bay;
And gave an ampler meed
Of Pisan palms, than in the field of fame
Were wont to crown the car's victorious speed:
And hail'd his scepter'd champion's patriot zeal,
Who mix'd the monarch's with the people's weal;
From civil plans who claim'd applause,
And train'd obedient realms to Spartan laws.
And he, sweet master of the Doric oar,
Theocritus forsook awhile
The graces of his pastoral isle,
The lowing vale, the bleating cote,

The clusters on the sunny steep,
And Pan's own umbrage, dark and deep,
The caverns hung with ivy-twine,
The cliffs that wav'd with oak and pine,
And Etna's hoar romantic pile:
And caught the bold Homeric note,
In stately sounds exalting high
The reign of bounteous Ptolemy:
Like the plenty teeming tide
Of his own Nile's redundant flood,
O'er the cheer'd nations far and wide,
Diffusing opulence and public good:
While in the richly-warbled lays
Was blended Berenice's name,
Pattern fair of female fame,
Softening with domestic life
Imperial splendour's dazzling rays,
The queen, the mother, and the wife!

To deck with honour due this festal day,
O for a strain from these sublimer bards!
Who free to grant, yet fearless to refuse
Their awful suffrage, with impartial aim
Invok'd the jealous panegyric muse;
Nor, but to genuine worth's severer claim,
Their proud distinction deign'd to pay;
Stern arbiters of glory's bright awards!
For peerless bards like these alone,
The bards of Greece might best adorn,
With seemly song, the monarch's natal morn;
Who, thron'd in the magnificence of peace,
Rivals their richest regal theme;
Who rules a people like their own,
In arms, in polish'd arts supreme,
Who bids his Britain vie with Greece.

ODE XVII.

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1787.

IN rough magnificence array'd,
 When ancient chivalry display'd
 The pomp of her heroic games:
 And crested chiefs and tiffued dames;
 Assembled at the clarion's call,
 In some proud castle's high-arch'd hall
 To grace romantic glory's genial rites:
 Associate of the gorgeous festival,
 The minstrel struck his kindred string,
 And told of many a steel-clad king,
 Who to the tourney train'd his hardy knights;
 Or bore the radiant redcross shield
 Mid the bold peers of Salem's field;
 Who travers'd pagan climes to quell
 The wizzard foe's terrific spell;
 In rude affrays untaught to fear
 The Saracen's gigantic spear.
 The listening champions felt the fabling rhyme
 With fairy trappings fraught, and shook their plumes
 sublime.

Such were the themes of regal praise
 Dear to the bard of elder days:
 The songs, to savage virtue dear,
 That won of yore the public ear!
 Ere polity, sedate and sage,
 Had quench'd the fires of feudal rage.
 Had stemm'd the torrent of eternal strife,
 And charm'd to rest an unrelenting age.—
 No more, in formidable state,
 The castle shuts its thundering gate;
 New colours suit the scenes of soften'd life:
 No more, bestriding barbed steeds,
 Adventurous valour idly bleeds:
 And now the bard in alter'd tones,
 A theme of worthier triumph owns:

By social imagery beguil'd,
 He moulds his harp to manners mild;
 Nor longer weaves the wreath of war alone,
 Nor holds the hostile forms that grac'd the Gothic
 throne.

And now he tunes his plaufive lay
 To kings, who plant the civic bay;
 Who choose the patriot sov'reign's part,
 Diffusing commerce, peace, and art;
 Who spread the virtuous pattern wide,
 And triumph in a nation's pride;
 Who seek coy science in her cloister'd nook,
 Where Thames, yet rural, rolls an artless tide;
 Who love to view the vale divine*,
 Where revel nature and the nine,
 And clustering tow'rs the tufted grove o'erlook;
 To kings who rule a filial land,
 Who claim a people's vows and prayers,
 Should treason arm the weakest hand!
 To these, his heart-felt praise he bears,
 And with new rapture hastes to greet
 This festal morn, that longs to meet,
 With luckiest auspices, the laughing spring;
 And opes her glad career, with blessings on her wing!

ODE XVIII.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1787.

THE noblest bards of Albion's choir
 Have struck of old this festal lyre.
 Ere science, struggling oft in vain,
 Had dar'd to break her Gothic chain,
 Victorious Edward gave the vernal bough
 Of Britain's bay to bloom on Chaucer's brow:
 Fir'd with the gift, he chang'd to sounds sublime
 His Norman minstrelsy's discordant chime;

G 2

* Nuneham, near Oxford,

In tones majestic hence he told
 The banquet of Cambuscan bold ;
 And oft he sung (howe'er the rhyme
 Has moulder'd to the touch of time)
 His martial master's knightly board,
 And Arthur's ancient rites restor'd :
 The prince in fable steel that sternly frown'd,
 And Gallia's captive king, and Cressy's wreath re-
 nown'd.

Won from the shepherd's simple meed,
 The whisper's wild of Mulla's reed,
 Sage Spenser wak'd his lofty lay
 To grace Eliza's golden sway :
 O'er the proud theme new lustre to diffuse,
 He chose the gorgeous allegoric muse,
 And call'd to life old Uther's elfin tale,
 And rov'd through many a necromantic vale,
 Pourtraying chiefs that knew to tame
 The goblin's ire, the dragon's flame,
 To pierce the dark enchanted hall,
 Where virtue fate in lonely thrall.
 From fabling Fancy's inmost store
 A rich romantic robe he bore :
 A veil with visionary trappings hung,
 And o'er his virgin-queen the fairy-texture flung.

At length the matchless Dryden came,
 To light the muses' clearer flame ;
 To lofty numbers grace to lend,
 And strength with melody to blend ;
 To triumph in the bold career of song,
 And roll th' unwearied energy along,
 Does the mean incense of promiscuous praise,
 Does servile fear disgrace his regal bays ?
 I spurn his panegyric strings,
 His partial homage, tun'd to kings !
 Be mine, to catch his manlier chord,
 That paints the impassion'd Persian lord,
 By glory fir'd, to pity su'd,
 Rous'd to revenge, by love subdu'd :

And still, with transport new, the strains to trace
That chaunt the Theban pair, and Tancred's deadly
vase.

Had these blest bards been call'd to pay
The vows of this auspicious day,
Each had confess'd a fairer throne,
A mightier sovereign than his own!
Chaucer had bade his hero-monarch yield
The martial fame of Cressy's well-fought field
To peaceful prowess, and the conquests calm,
That braid the sceptre with the patriot's palm;
His chaplets of fantastic bloom,
His colourings, warm from fiction's loom,
Spenser had cast in scorn away,
And deck'd with truth alone the lay:
All real here the bard had seen
The glories of his pictur'd queen!
The tuneful Dryden had not flatter'd here,
His lyre had blameless been, his tribute all sincere!

ODE XIX.

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1788.

RUDE was the pile, and massy proof,
That first uprear'd its haughty roof
On Windsor's brow sublime, in warlike state:
The Norman tyrant's jealous hand
The giant fabric proudly plann'd
With recent victory elate,
"On this majestic steep," he cried,
"A regal fortress, threatening wide,
"Shall spread my terrors to the distant hills;
"Its formidable shade shall throw
"Far o'er the broad expanse below,
"Where winds yon mighty flood, and amply fills
"With flowery verdure, or with golden grain,
"The fairest fields that deck my new domain!

“And London's towers, that reach the watch-
“man's eye,
“Shall see, with conscious awe, my bulwark climb
the sky.”

Unchang'd, through many a hardy race,
Stood the rough dome, on fullen grace;
Still on its angry front defiance frown'd;
Though monarchs kept their state within,
Still murmur'd with the martial din
The gloomy gateway's arch profound;
And armed forms, in airy rows,
Bent o'er the battlements their bows,
And blood-stain'd banners crown'd its hostile
head;
And oft its hoary ramparts wore,
The rugged scars of conflict fore:
What time, pavillion'd on the neighbouring mead,
Th' indignant barons rang'd in bright array
Their feudal bands, to curb despotic sway;
And leagu'd a Briton's birth-right to restore,
From John's reluctant grasp the roll of freedom bore.

When lo, the king that wreath'd his shield,
With lilies pluck'd on Cressy's field,
Heav'd from its base the mouldering Norman
frame!—

New glory cloth'd the exulting steep,
The portals tow'rd with ampler sweep;
And valour's soften'd genius came,
Here held his pomp, and trail'd the pall
Of triumph through the trophied hall;
And war was clad a while in gorgeous weeds;
Amid the martial pageantries,
While beauty's glance adjudg'd the prize,
And beam'd sweet influence on heroic deeds.
Nor long, ere Henry's holy zeal, to breathe
A milder charm upon the scenes beneath,
Rear'd in the watery glade his classic shrine,
And call'd his stripling-choir to woo the willing
nine.

To this imperial seat to lend
 Its pride supreme, and nobly blend
 British magnificence with Attic art;
 Proud castle, to thy banner'd bowers,
 Lo! picture bids her glowing powers
 Their bold historic groupings impart:
 She bids th' illuminated pane,
 Along thy lofty-vaulted fane,
 Shed the dim blaze of radiance richly clear.—
 Still may such arts of peace engage
 Their patron's care! But should the rage
 Of war to battle rouse the new-born year,
 Britain arise, and wake the slumbering fire,
 Vindictive dart thy quick rekindling ire!
 Or, arm'd to strike, in mercy spare the foe;
 And lift thy thundering hand, and then withhold
 the blow!

ODE XX.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1788.

WHAT native genius taught the Britons bold
 To guard their sea-girt cliffs of old?
 'Twas liberty: she taught disdain
 Of death, of Rome's imperial chain.
 She bade the Druid harp to battle sound,
 In tones prophetic, through the gloom profound
 Of forests hoar, with holy foilage hung;
 From grove to grove the pealing prelude rung;
 Belinus call'd his painted tribes around,
 And, rough with many a veteran scar,
 Swept the pale legions with the scythed car,
 While baffled Cæsar fled, to gain,
 An easier triumph on Pharsalia's plain;
 And left the stubborn isle, to stand elate
 Amidst a conquer'd world, in lone majestic state!
 A kindred spirit soon to Britain's shore
 The sons of Saxon Elva bore;

Fraught with th' unconquerable soul,
Who died to drain the warrior-bowl,
In that bright hall, where Odin's Gothic throne
With the broad blaze of brandish'd falchions shone;
Where the long roofs rebounded to the din
Of spectre chiefs, who feasted far within :
Yet, not intent on deathful deeds alone,
They felt the fires of social zeal,
The peaceful wisdom of the public weal ;
Though nurs'd in arms and hardy strife,
They knew to frame the plans of temper'd life ;
The king's, the people's, balanc'd claims to found
On one eternal base, indissolubly bound.

Sudden, to shake the Saxons mild domain,
Rush'd in rude swarms the robber Dane,
From frozen wastes and caverns wild,
To genial England's scenes beguil'd ;
And in his clamorous van exulting came
The demons foul of famine and of flame :
Witness the sheep-clad summits, roughly crown'd
With many a frowning fofs and airy mound,
Which yet his desultory march proclaim !—
Nor ceas'd the tide of gore to flow,
'Till Alfred's laws allur'd the intestine foe ;
And Harold calm'd his headlong rage
To brave achievement and to counsel sage ;
For oft in savage breasts the buried seeds
Of brooding virtue live, and freedom's fairest deeds !

But see, triumphant o'er the southern waves,
The Norman sweeps !—Though first he gave
New grace to Britain's naked plain,
With arts and manners in his train ;
And many a fane he rear'd, that still sublime
In massy pomp has mock'd the stealth of time ;
And castle fair, that, stript of half its towers,
From some broad steep in shatter'd glory lours :
Yet brought he slavery from a softer clime ;
Each eve, the curfew's notes severe
(That now but sooths the musing poet's ear)

At the new tyrant's stern command,
 Warn'd to unwelcome rest a wakeful land;
 While proud oppression o'er the ravish'd field
 High rais'd his armed hand, and shook the feudal
 shield.

Stoop'd then that freedom to despotic sway,
 For which in many a fierce affray,
 The Britons bold, the Saxons bled,
 His Danish javelins Lefwin led
 O'er Hastings' plain, to stay the Norman yoke?
 She felt but to resist the sudden stroke:
 The tyrant-baron grasp'd the patriot-steel,
 And taught the tyrant-king its force to feel;
 And quick revenge the regal bondage broke.
 And still unchang'd and uncontroul'd,
 Its rescued rights shall the dread empire hold:
 For lo, revering Britain's cause,
 A king new lustre lends to native laws!
 The sacred sovereign of this festal day
 On Albion's old renown reflects a kindred ray!

ODE XXI.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

JUNE 4, 1789.

AS when the demon of the Summer-storm
 Walks forth the noontide landscape to deform;
 Dark grows the vale, and dark the distant grove,
 And thick the bolts of angry Jove
 Athwart the wat'ry welkin glide,
 And streams th' ariel torrent far and wide:
 If by short fits the struggling ray
 Should dart a momentary day,
 Th' illumin'd mountain glows a while,
 By faint degrees the radiant glance
 Purples th' horizon's pale expanse,
 And gilds the gloom with hasty smile:
 Ah, fickle smile, too swiftly past!
 Again resounds the sweeping blast;

With hoarser din the demon howls,
 Again the blackening concave fowls!
 Sudden, the shades of the meridian night
 Yield to the triumph of rekindling light:
 The reddening sun regains his golden sway,
 And nature stands reveal'd in all her bright array.

Such was the changeful conflict that possess'd,
 With trembling tumult every British breast,
 When Albion, tow'ring in the van sublime
 Of glory's march, from clime to clime
 Envied, belov'd, rever'd, renown'd,
 Her brows with every blissful chaplet bound;
 When, in her mid career of state,
 She felt her monarch's awful fate!—
 'Till mercy from th' Almighty throne
 Look'd down on man, and waving wide
 Her wreath, that in the rainbow dy'd,
 With hues of soften'd lustre shone,
 And bending from her sapphire cloud,
 O'er regal grief benignant bow'd;
 To transport turn'd a people's fears,
 And stay'd a people's tide of tears:
 Bade this blest dawn with beams auspicious spring
 With hope serene, with healing in its wing;
 And gave a sovereign o'er a grateful land
 Again with vigorous grasp to stretch the scepter'd
 hand.

O favour'd king, what rapture more refin'd,
 What mightier joy can fill the human mind,
 Than that the monarchs' conscious bosom feels,
 At whose dread throne a nation kneels,
 And hails its father, friend, and lord,
 To life's career, to patriot sway restor'd;
 And bids the loud responsive voice
 Of union all around rejoice?
 For thus to thee when Britons bow,
 Warm and spontaneous from the heart,
 As late their tears, their transports start,
 And nature dictates duty's vow;

To thee, recall'd to sacred health,
Did the proud city's lavish wealth,
Did crouded streets alone display
The long-drawn blaze, the festal ray?
Meek poverty her scanty cottage grac'd,
And flung her gleam along the lonely waste!
Th' exulting isle in one wide triumph strove
One social sacrifice of reverential love.

Such pure unprompted praise do kingdoms pay,
Such willing zeal, to thrones of lawless sway?
Ah! how unlike the vain the venal lore
To Latian rulers dealt of yore,
O'er guilty pomp, and hated power,
When stream'd the sparkling panegyric shower:
And slaves to sovereigns unendear'd
Their pageant trophies coldly rear'd!
For are the charities that blend
Monarch to man, to tyrants known?
The tender ties that to the throne
A mild domestic glory lend;
Of wedded love the league sincere,
The virtuous consort's faithful tear!
Nor this the verse that flattery brings.
Nor here I strike a sycophant's strings;
Here, kindling with her country's warmth, the
muse,
Her country's proud triumphant theme pursues:
Ev'n needless here the tribute of her lay!—
Albion the garland gives on this distinguish'd day.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving
grain

Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn.
 Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
 Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train :
 Her fairest landscapes whence my muse has drawn,
 Too free with fervile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
 With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recal those happier days.

SONNET II.

ON BATHING.

WHEN late the trees were stript by winter pale,
 Young health, a dryad-maid in vesture green,
 Or like the forest's silver-quiver'd queen,
 On airy uplands met the piercing gale ;
 And, ere its earliest echo shook the vale,
 Watching the hunter's joyous horn was seen.
 But since, gay-thron'd in fiery chariot seen,
 Summer has smote each daisy-dappled dale ;
 She to the cave retires, high-arch'd beneath
 The fount that laves proud Isis' towery brim :
 And now, all glad the temperate air to breathe,
 While cooling drops distil from arches dim,
 Binding her dewy locks with sedgy wreath,
 She sits amid the choir of naiads trim.

SONNET III.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
MONASTICON.

DEEM not, devoid of elegance, the sage,
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
Of painful pedantry the poring child;
Who turns, of these proud domes, th' historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never finil'd
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage
His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictur'd stores.
Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

SONNET IV.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
T' entomb his Britains slain by Hengist's guile*;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap: or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wond'rous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd.

* One of bardish traditions about Stonehenge.

SONNET V.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic
art

Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bow'rs,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the fullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for fancy can impart
(To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall:
Bid the green landkip's vernal beauty bloom:
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

SONNET VI.

TO MR. GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are mark'd with beauty's
hue,
My rustic muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!
While slowly-pacing through the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clue
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defil'd:
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay,

SONNET VII.

WHILE Summer-suns o'er the gay prospect
 play'd,
 Through Surry's verdant scenes, where Epfom
 spreads
 Mid intermingling elms her flowery meads,
 And Hascombe's hill, in towering groves array'd,
 Rear'd its romantic steep, with mind serene
 I journey'd blithe. Full pensive I return'd;
 For now my breast with hopeless passion burn'd,
 Wet with hoar mists appear'd the gaudy scene
 Which late in careless indolence I past;
 And Autumn all around those hues had cast
 Where past delight my recent grief might trace.
 Sad change, that nature a congenial gloom
 Should wear, when most my cheerless mood to
 chase,
 I wish'd her green attire and wonted bloom!

SONNET VIII.

ON KING ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE AT
WINCHESTER.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still appears
 Its rafter'd hall, that o'er the grassy fofs,
 And scatter'd flinty fragments clad in moss,
 On yonder steep in naked state appears;
 High-hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketch'd the names renown'd,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though join'd by magic skill, with many a rhyme,
 The Druid frame, unhonour'd falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wizard time,
 And fade the British characters away;
 Yet Spenser's page, that chaunts in verse sublime
 Those chiefs shall live, unconscious of decay.

SONNET IX.

TO THE RIVER LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun :
Where first my muse to lisp her notes begun !
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between ;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream ! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road !
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime ma-
ture ;
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestow'd.



MISCELLANIES.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY ISIS, AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1749.

"Quid mihi nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam
"Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
"Hanc urbem infans nullus qui Marte petivit,
"Latatus violasse redit. Nec numina sedem
"Desituunt-----"

Claudian.

ON closing flowers when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendours o'er the shadowy stream;
And from the wave arose it's guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-flipper'd virgin lightly trod;
From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of pastoral pipe, or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear muse afflicted freedom calls:
When freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding string?

While thus, in Freedom's and in Phebus' spite
 The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
 To shake yon towers when malice rears her crest,
 Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause;
 Still boast of freedom, while you break her laws:
 To power your songs of gratulation pay,
 To Courts address soft flattery's fervile lay.
 What though your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
 Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
 What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
 Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
 Yet strove his muse, by fame or envy led,
 To tear the laurels from a sister's head?---
 Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
 To blot the beauties of thy whiter page!
 A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
 And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let ———— boast the patrons of her name,
 Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
 Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
 Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
 Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
 Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek:
 Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
 On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
 Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
 Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
 No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
 Once hear'd sage Milton's manly tones among,
 Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
 With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.
 'Tis our's, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
 Where honour calls, and justice points the way
 To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
 And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
 Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon muse's bower
 Still nor enjoys, nor seeks, the smile of power.
 Though wakeful vengeance watch in crystal spring,
 Though persecution wave her iron wing,

And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
 "These destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
 Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
 And, as the dews of gracious Heaven descend
 Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
 Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
 See, science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
 With fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
 My muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
 The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
 Green as of old each oliv'd portal smiles.
 And still the graces build my Grecian piles:
 My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
 And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late, when Radcliffe's delegated train
 Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain:
 When yon proud * dome, fair learning's amplest
 shrine,

Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the nine;
 Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
 To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
 What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
 Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
 How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
 When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
 While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
 Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
 That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine:
 That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
 The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
 For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
 To hold short dalliance with the tuneful nine.
 Then music left her silver sphere on high,
 And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
 Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
 Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
 My Naiads blithe the dying accents caught,
 And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot:

In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bowers,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flowers.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon stage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand:
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart:
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor timorous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flowery periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's, a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my steadfast sages wield,
While mine is truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?

Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile:
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;

The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With every conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than wars or waves, or Eurys' wint'ry power.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that lengthening to the light,
To contemplation, step by step, invite;
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bordering vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat;
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now, confess'd to my adoring eyes, |
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to nightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his lov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labours plann'd of letter'd ease:
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd;
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd;

Who rang'd the powers of reason, or refin'd,
 All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
 Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
 To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
 All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
 Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with liberal aim,
 'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
 And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
 To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
 With mild debate each musing feature glows,
 And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
 brows.

“Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,”
 A Raleigh, Hamden, and a Somers shine.
 These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
 Their future sons the great example taught:
 While in each youth th' hereditary flame
 Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!
 Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
 'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
 I see the sable-suited prince advance
 With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
 Edward. The muses, in yon cloister'd shade,
 Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
 Bade him the steel for British freedom draw,
 And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.

And see, great father of the sacred band,
 The * patriot king before me seems to stand.
 He by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd
 That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
 Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
 The muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
 From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
 And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
 Soon grew the maid beneath his fostering hand,
 Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd land,
 Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
 She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,

Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bowers,
 And proudly lifts to Heav'n her hundred towers.
 'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
 Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
 He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
 And sooth'd to soft society's controul
 A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
 Elate he views his laurel'd progeny:
 Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
 He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
 Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
 With all the founder in the race express'd:
 Conscious he sees fair freedom still survive
 In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
 (Glorious as when the goddess pour'd the beam
 Unfullied on his ancient diadem);
 Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
 She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
 That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
 Here deigns to linger, ere she leave the land.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL GROTTTO
 NEAR THE WATER.

THE Graces sought in yonder stream,
 To cool the fervid day,
 When Love's malicious godhead came,
 And stole their robes away
 Proud of the theft, the little god
 Their robes bade Delia wear:
 While they aham'd to stir abroad,
 Remain all naked here.

THE PLEASURES OF MELANCHOLY.

MOTHER of musings, contemplation sage,
 Whose grotto stands upon the topmost rock
 Of Teneriff; 'mid the tempestuous night,
 On which, in calmest meditation held
 Thou hear'st with howling winds the beating rain,
 And drifting hail descend; or if the skies

Unclouded shine, and through the blue serene
 Pale Cynthia rolls her silver-axled car,
 Whence gazing stedfast on the spangled vault
 Raptur'd thou sitt'st, while murmurs indistinct
 Of distant billows sooth thy pensive ear
 With hoarse and hollow sounds; secure, self-blest,
 There oft thou listen'st to the wild uproar
 Of fleets encount'ring, that in whispers low
 Ascends the rocky summit, where thou dwell'st
 Remote from man, conversing with the spheres!
 O lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
 Congenial with my soul; to cheerless shades,
 To ruin's seats, to twilight cells and bow'rs,
 Where thoughtful melancholy loves to muse,
 Her fav'rite midnight haunts. The laughing scenes
 Of purple Spring, where all the wanton train
 Of smiles and graces seem to lead the dance
 In sportive round, while from their hands they
 show'r

Ambrosial blooms and flow'rs, no longer charm;
 Tempe, no more I court thy balmy breeze,
 Adieu green vales! ye broider'd meads, adieu!

Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown piles
 Oft let me sit at twilight hour of eve,
 Where through some western window the pale
 moon

Pours her long-levell'd rule of streaming light;
 While sullen sacred silence reigns around,
 Save the lone screech-owl's note, who builds his
 bow'r

Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and damp,
 Or the calm breeze, that rustles in the leaves
 Of flaunting ivy, that with mantle green
 Invests some wasted tow'r. Or let me tread
 Its neighbouring walk of pines, where mus'd of old
 The cloister'd brothers: through the gloomy void
 That far extends beneath their ample arch
 As on I pace, religious horror wraps
 My soul in dread repose. But when the world
 Is clad in midnight's raven-colour'd robe,

'Mid hollow charnel let me watch the flame
 Of taper dim, shedding a livid glare
 O'er the wan heaps; while airy voices talk
 Along the glimm'ring walls; or ghostly shape
 At distance seen, invites with beck'ning hand
 My lonesome steps, through the far-winding vaults.
 Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
 Of night, when haply wakeful from my couch
 I start: lo, all is motionless around!
 Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men
 And every beast in mute oblivion lie;
 All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
 O then how fearful is it to reflect
 That through the still globe's awful solitude,
 No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
 My drooping temples bathes in opiate dew.
 Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
 My senses lead through flow'ry paths of joy;
 But let the sacred genius of the night
 Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw
 When through bewild'ring fancy's magic maze,
 To the fell house of Busyrane, he led
 Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew
 When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
 All heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
 Come tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Let others love soft Summer's ev'ning smiles,
 As list'ning to the distant water-fall,
 They mark the blushes of the streaky west;
 I choose the pale December's foggy glooms.
 Then with the fullen shades of ev'ning close,
 Where through the room a blindly-glimm'ring
 gleam

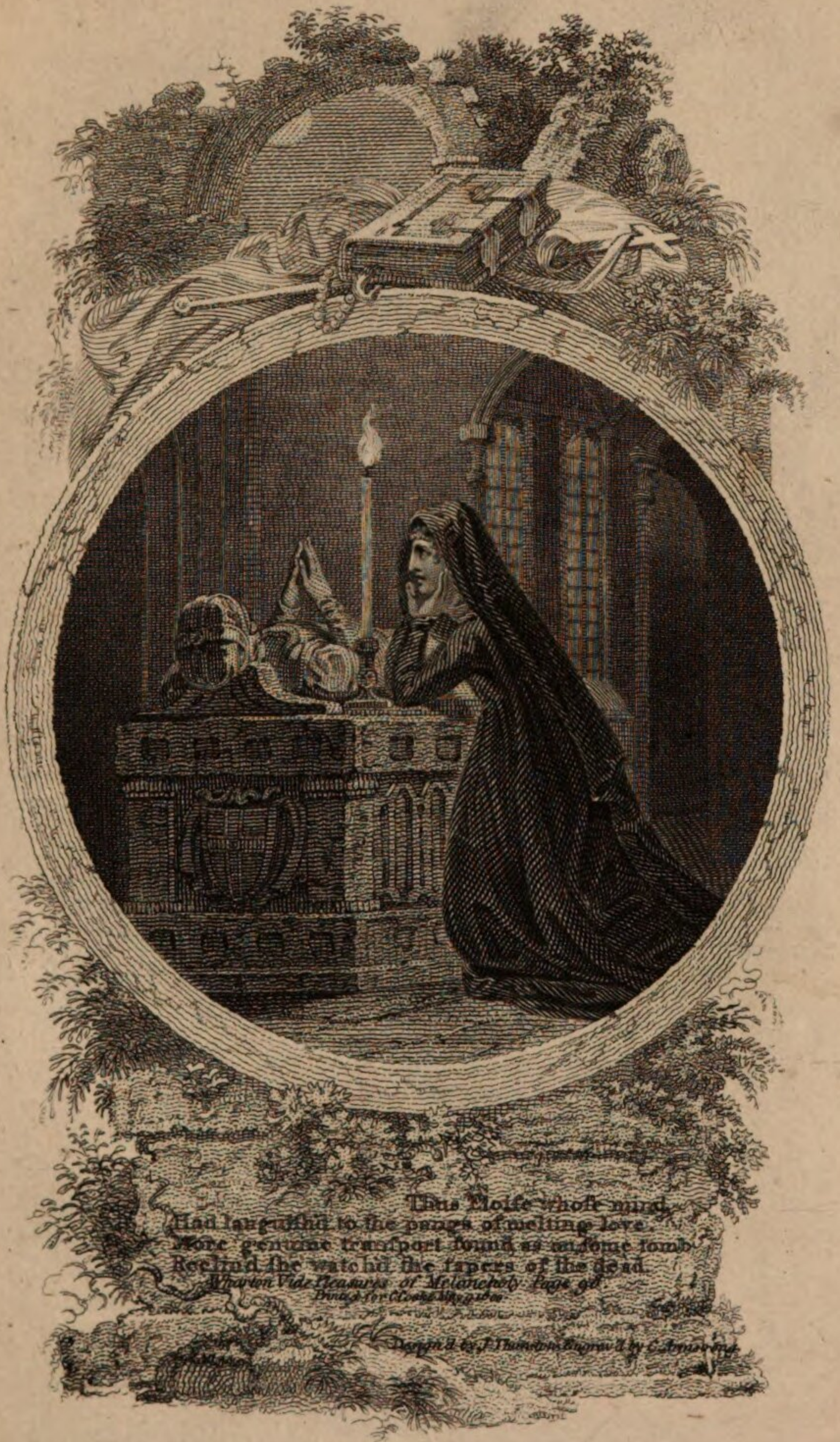
Thy dying embers scatter, far remote
 From mirth's mad shouts, that through the illumined
 roof

Resound with festive echo, let me sit,
 Blest with the lowly cricket's drowsy dirge.
 Then let my thought contemplative explore
 This fleeting state of things, the vain delights

The fruitless toils, that still our search elude,
As through the wilderness of life we rove.
This sober hour of silence will unmask
False folly's smile, that like the dazzling spells
Of wily Comus cheat th' unweeting eye
With blear illusion, and persuade to drink
That charmed cup, which reason's mintage fair
Unmoulds, and stamps the monster on the man,
Eager we taste, but in the luscious draught
Forget the poisonous dregs that lurk beneath.

Few know that elegance of soul refin'd,
Whose soft sensation feels a quicker joy
From melancholy's scenes, than the dull pride
Of tasteless splendour and magnificence
Can e'er afford. Thus Eloise, whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found, as on some tomb
Reclin'd, she watch'd the tapers of the dead ;
Or through the pillar'd ailes, amid pale shrines
Of imag'd saints, and intermingled graves,
Mus'd a veil'd votarefs; than Flavia feels,
As through the mazes of the festive ball
Proud of her conquering charms and beauty's blaze,
She floats amid the filken sons of dress,
And shines the fairest of the assembled fair.

When azure noontide cheers the dædal globe,
And the blest regent of the golden day
Rejoices in his bright meridian bow'r,
How oft my wishes ask the night's return,
That best befriends the melancholy mind !
Hail, sacred night ! thou too shalt share my song,
Sister of ebon-scepter'd Hecate, hail !
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrapp'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail !
What though beneath thy gloom the forcerefs train
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron bless ;
Though murder, wan beneath thy shrouding shade,
Summons her flow-ey'd vot'ries to devise



Thus Moise whose mind
Had languish'd to the pangs of melting love,
More genuine transport found in some tomb
Reclined she watch'd the tapers of the dead.
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Printed for C. Dilly in Pall Mall

Designed by J. Thomson Engraved by C. Smith

Of secret slaughter, while by one blue lamp
In hideous conf'rence sits the listening band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound;
What though thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar head
The black-descending tempest ceaseless beats;
Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than blooming morn's approach,
Ev'n then, in youthful pride of opening May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dews,
Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While through the damp air scowls the louring south.
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the fullen gloom; the waving elms
That hoar through time, and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamours hoarse
Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm,
Fix'd in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliven'd shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Through Pope's soft song though all the graces
breathe,

And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic Spenser's wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,

Weary, forlorn ; than when the *fated fair,
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing fun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble blifs.

Ye youths of Albion's beauty-blooming isle,
Whose brows have worn the wreath of luckless love,
Is there a pleasure like the pensive mood,
Whose magic wont to sooth your soften'd souls ?
O tell how rapturous the joy, to melt
To melody's assuasive voice : to bend
Th' uncertain step along the midnight mead,
And pour your sorrows to the pitying moon,
By many a flow trill from the bird of woe
Oft interrupted ; in embow'ring woods
By darksome brook to muse, and there forget
The solemn dullness of the tedious world,
While fancy grasps the visionary fair :
And now no more the abstracted ear attends
The water's murmuring lapse, th' entranced eye
Pierces no longer through the extended rows,
Of thick-rang'd trees ; till haply from the depth
The woodman's stroke, or distant tinkling team,
Or heifers rustling through the brake alarms
Th' illuded sense, and mars the golden dream.
These are delights that absence drear has made
Familiar to my soul, e'er since the form
Of young Sapphira, beauteous as the Spring,
When from her violet-woven couch awak'd
By frolic zephyr's hand, her tender cheek
Graceful she lifts, and blushing from her bow'r
Issues to clothe in gladsome-glist'ring green
The genial globe first met my dazzled sight :
These are delights unknown to minds profane,
And which alone the pensive soul can taste.

The taper'd choir, at the late hour of pray'r,
Oft let me tread, while to th' according voice
The many-founding organ peals on high,

* Belinda. See Rape of the Lock.

The clear flow-dittied chant, or varied hymn,
'Till all my soul is bath'd in ecstacies,
And lap'd in Paradise. Or let me sit
Far in sequester'd aisles of the deep dome,
There lonesome listen to the sacred sounds,
Which, as they lengthen through the Gothic vaults,
In hollow murmurs reach my ravish'd ear.
Nor when the lamps expiring yield to night,
And solitude returns, would I forsake
The solemn mansion, but attentive mark
The due clock swinging slow with sweepy sway,
Measuring time's flight with momentary sound.

Nor let me fail to cultivate my mind
With the soft thrillings of the tragic muse,
Divine Melpomene, sweet pity's nurse,
Queen of the stately step, and flowing pall.
Now let Monimia mourn with streaming eyes
Her joys incestuous, and polluted love :
Now let soft Juliet in the gaping tomb
Print the last kiss on her true Romeo's lips,
His lips yet reeking from the deadly draught.
Or Jaffier kneel for one forgiving look.
Nor seldom let the Moor on Desdemone
Pour the misguided threats of jealous rage.
By soft degrees the manly torrent steals
From my swoln eyes ; and at a brother's woe
My big heart melts in sympathizing tears.

What are the splendours of the gaudy court,
Its tinsel trappings, and its pageant pomps ?
To me far happier seems the banish'd lord
Amid Siberia's unrejoicing wilds
Who pines all lonesome in the chambers hoar
Of some high castle shut, whose windows dim
In distant ken discover trackless plains,
Where Winter ever whirls his icy car ;
While still repeated objects of his view,
The gloomy battlements and ivied spires,
That crown the solitary dome, arise ;
While from the topmost turret the slow clock

Far heard along th' inhospitable wastes,
With sad returning chime awakes new grief;
Ev'n he far happier seems than is the proud,
The potent satrap, whom he left behind
'Mid Moscow's golden palaces, to drown
In ease and luxury the laughing hours.

Illustrious objects strike the gazer's mind
With feeble bliss, and but allure the sight,
Nor rouse with impulse quick th' unfeeling heart.
Thus seen by shepherd from Hymettus' brow,
What dædal landscapes smile! Here palmy groves,
Resounding once with Plato's voice arise,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
The unfading olive lifts; here vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospect vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistering Athens tow'rs.
Though through the blissful scenes Ilissus roll
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding marge
The thick-wove laurel shades, though roseate morn
Pour all her splendours on th' empurpled scene;
Yet feels the hoary hermit truer joys,
As from the cliff that o'er his cavern hangs
He views the piles of fall'n Persepolis
In deep arrangement hide the darksome plain.
Unbounded waste! the mould'ring obelisk
Here, like a blasted oak, ascends the clouds;
Here Parian domes their vaulted halls disclose
Horrid with thorn, where lurks th' unpitying thief,
Whence flits the twilight-loving bat at eve,
And the deaf adder wreaths her spotted train,
The dwellings once of elegance and art.
Here temples rise, amid whose hallowed bounds
Spires the black pine, while through the naked
street,

Once haunt of tradesful merchants, springs the grass:
Here columns heap'd on prostrate columns, torn
From their firm base, increase the mould'ring mass.
Far as the sight can pierce, appear the spoils

Of sunk magnificence? a blended scene
Of moles, fanes, arches, domes, and palaces,
Where, with his brother horror, ruin sits.

O come then, Melancholy, queen of thought!
O come with faintly look, and stedfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew,
Where ever to the curfew's solemn sound
Lift'ning thou sitt'st, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son.
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind,
Nor in my path her primrose garland cast.
Though 'mid her train the dimpled Hebe bare
Her rosy bosom to th' enamour'd view;
Though Venus, mother of the smiles and loves,
And Bacchus, ivy-crown'd, in citron bow'r
With her on nectar-streaming fruitage feast;
What though 'tis hers to calm the low'ring skies,
And at her presence mild th' embattl'd clouds
Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heav'n
New day diffusive gleam at her approach;
Yet are these joys that melancholy gives,
Than all her witless revels happier far;
These deep-felt joys, by contemplation taught.

Then ever beauteous contemplation, hail!
From thee began, auspicious maid, my song,
With thee shall end; for thou art fairer far
Than are the nymphs of Cirrha's mossy grot;
To loftier rapture thou canst wake the thought,
Than all the fabling poet's boasted pow'rs.
Hail, queen divine! whom, as tradition tells,
Once, in his ev'ning walk a Druid found,
Far in a hollow glade of Mona's woods;
And piteous bore with hospitable hand
To the close shelter of his oaken bow'r.
There soon the sage admiring mark'd the dawn
Of solemn musing in your pensive thought;
For when a smiling babe, you lov'd to lie
Oft deeply list'ning to the rapid roar
Of wood-hung Meinai, stream of Druids old.

ON THE
DEATH OF KING GEORGE THE SECOND.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT*.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that science sheds on glory's grave!
So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast awhile from Britain's weal;
If votive verse from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans, which ancient freedom drew,
A while with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days;
Such were the palms in isles of old renown,
She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she fate,
The decent handmaid, not the slave of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like our's, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
Obedience from dependence to divide:

* Afterwards Lord Chatham. This and the two following poems close the collections of Oxford Verses on their respective occasions; and were written while the author was poetry professor.

Though princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe she temper'd partial praise;
Conscious she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear to fame as George's trophied throne?
At whose firm base thy steadfast soul aspires,
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires;
Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold
Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state;
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine;
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain corruption calls her venal tribes:
One common cause one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud, or spares or screens, the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.

O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
And o'er the minister exalts the man,
His congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not her's by false connections drawn,
At splendid slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast,
To friends, to foes, in equal fear suppress:

'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew :
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page :
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race :
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies ;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command :
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.

Lo, this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse
 From that calm bower*, which nurs'd thy thought-
 ful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth :
 Where first the form of British liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye,
 That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
 Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
 Which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
 Her whisper's wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 The blessings of her visionary reign ;
 That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
 Adorns philosophy's ideal dream,
 But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 In full reality this favour'd isle.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE
 FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

O For the warblings of the Doric ote,
 That wept the youth deep-whelm'd in ocean's
 tide !

* Trinity College, Oxford ; in which also Lord Somers, and James Harrington, author of the Oceana, were educated.

Or Mulla's muse, who chang'd her magic note
To chant how dear the laurel'd Sidney died !
Then should my woes in worthy strain be sung,
And with due cypress-crown thy herse, O Frederic,
hung.

But though my novice-hands are all too weak
To grasp the sounding pipe, my voice unskill'd
The tuneful phrase of poesy to speak,
Uncouth the cadence of my carols wild :
A nations' tear shall teach my song to trace
The prince that deck'd his crown with every milder
grace.

How well he knew to turn from flattery's shrine,
To drop the sweeping pall of scepter'd pride ;
Led by calm thought to paths of eglantine,
And rural walks on Isis' tufted side :
To rove at large amid the landships still,
Where contemplation sat on Clifden's beech-clad
hill

How, lock'd in pure affection's golden band,
Through sacred wedlock's unambitious ways,
With even step he walk'd, and constant hand,
His temples binding with domestic bays :
Rare pattern of the chaste connubial knot,
Firm in a palace kept, as in the clay-built cot !
How with discerning choice, to nature true,
He cropp'd the simple flowers, or violet,
Or crocus-bud, that with ambrosial hue
The banks of silver Helicon beset :
Nor seldom wak'd the muse's living lyre
To sounds that call'd around Aonia's listening choir.
How to the few with sparks ethereal stor'd,
He never barr'd his castle's genial gate,
But bade sweet Thomson share the friendly board,
Soothing with verse divine the toil of state :
Hence fir'd, the bard forsook the flowery plain,
And deck'd the regal mask, and try'd the tragic
strain.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE KING.

TO HER MAJESTY. 1761.

WHEN first the kingdom to thy virtues due
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old ocean's peerless pride,
Tower'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!
And well with conscious joys thy breast might
beat

That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd through many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame, that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;
Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall:
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth alone,
Unlock'd chaste beauty's adamant zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temperate suns display!
Where property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On every coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!

Meantime, remote from ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand ;
Whose splendid domes, and busy streets, declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest queen, if e'er the magic powers
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours ;
Here poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
'Mid oaken bowers, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd :
While cunning bards at ancient banquets sung,
Of paynim foes defied, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a queen like thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest !
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre ;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic bride, the favour'd clime,
Where science sits enshrined in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays !
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flower
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bower,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due ;
If seemly gifts the train of Phebus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day ;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain ;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside :
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
That claims Charlotte's love, and courts her stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
 With rapt reflection freedom's favourite race!
 But, though the generous isle, in arts and arms
 Thus stand supreme, in nature's choicest charms;
 Though George and conquest guard her sea-girt
 throne,
 One happier blessing still she calls her own;
 And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of fame,
 Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AFTER THE INSTALLATION AT
 WINDSOR, IN THE SAME YEAR, 1762.

IMPERIAL dome of Edward wise and brave!
 Where warlike honour's brightest banners wave;
 At whose proud tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
 Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
 Though now no more thy crested chiefs advance
 In arm'd array, nor grasp the glittering lance;
 Though knighthood boasts the martial pomp no
 more

That grac'd its gorgeous fest'vals of yore;
 Say, conscious dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights
 So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites,
 As when, high thron'd amid thy trophied shrine,
 George shone the leader of the garter'd line.

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
 Still may thy bowers receive as brave a train;
 For lo! to Britain and her favour'd pair,
 Heaven's high command has sent a sacred heir!
 Him the bold pattern of his patriot fire
 Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
 In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
 His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
 The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage
 Each liberal omen of his opening age;
 Then to thy courts shall lead, with conscious joy,
 In strippling beauty's bloom, the princely boy;

There firmly wreath the braid of heavenly dye,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tower, in massy state,
In the young champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days.

While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,
Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings, hung on high,
Young Edward's sable mail shall strike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his riper years
With rival Cressy's, and a new Poitiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes, and rigid lore,
The royal nursing unreluctant bore:
Nor shun'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace
The cloister's moonlight-chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at morn's due,
Stream through the storied window's holy hue.

And O, young prince, be thine his moral praise;
Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th' embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the vex'd plain when the shrill clangours run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the deathful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine: No dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy steadfast feet betray.

Be thine domestic's glory's radiant calm.
 Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm:
 Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
 The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
 Bid rising arts display their mimic charms!
 Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days,
 Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
 Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
 Bid thy fam'd father's mighty triumphs pass:
 Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
 And clothe with Minden's plain th' historic hall.

Then mourn not Edward's dome, thine ancient
 boast,

Thy tournaments, and lifted combats lost!
 From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn
 Advent'rous valour's Gothic trophies torn!
 Those elfin charms, that held in magic night
 Its elder fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
 At length dissolve in truth's meridian ray,
 And the bright order bursts to perfect day:
 The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
 On virtue's base it's rescu'd glory rears:
 Sees civil prowess mightier acts achieve,
 Sees meek humanity distress relieve;
 Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
 And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
 I sooth to peace my pensive mind:
 And while, to shade my lowly cave,
 Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
 And while the maple dish is mine,
 The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
 I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
 Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
 The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
 Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
 The wren has wove her mossy nest;
 From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
 To lurk with innocence, she flies;
 Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
 Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
 To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
 And every opening primrose count,
 That trimly paints my blooming mount:
 Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
 That grace my gloomy solitude,
 I teach in winding wreaths to stray
 Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
 I ope my brass-embossed book,
 Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
 Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
 Then, as my taper waxes dim,
 Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
 And, at the close, the gleams behold
 Of parting wings bedropt with gold,
 While such pure joys my bliss create,
 Who but would smile at guilty state?
 Who but would wish his holy lot
 In calm oblivion's humble grot?
 Who but would cast his pomp away,
 To take my staff, and amice gray;
 And to the world's tumultuous stage
 Prefer the blameless hermitage?

MONODY,

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD UPON AVON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
 The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
 Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;

Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
 Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
 Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
 But while I muse, that here the hard divine
 Whose sacred dust yon high arch'd aisles enclose,
 Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
 Above th' embowering shade,
 Here first, at fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
 Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
 Here playful yet, in strippling years unripe,
 Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
 Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
 As at the waving of some magic wand;
 An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
 And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
 People the busy mead,
 Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
 And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
 The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
 Before me pity seems to stand
 A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
 To see misfortune rend in frantic mood
 His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
 Pale terror leads the visionary band,
 And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S

PAINTED WINDOW,

AT NEW-COLLEGE, OXFORD

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
 Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind!
 For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
 A faithless truant to the classic page;
 Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
 Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme;

To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mould'ring halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where superstition, with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plan'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wond'rous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring isle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day;
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray;

The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again:
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped nich;
Ye rows of patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye saints, who clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space.

Lo, from the canvas beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, picture's powers a new formation own!
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
 The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;
 But calls the lineaments of life complete
 From genial alchymy's creative heat;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel nature lives.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's
 height,

To add new lustre to religious light:
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing graces to the Gothic pile.

A PANEGRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

-----" Mea nec Falernæ
 " Temperant vites, neque Formiani
 " Pocula colles." *Hor.*

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
 Hail juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
 Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
 Let pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
 My sober ev'ning let the tankard bless,
 With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg
 fraught,
 While the rich draught with oft repeated whiffs
 Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
 Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
 Of lawless Bacchus' reign; but o'er my soul
 A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
 Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
 My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
 Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
 Its opiate influence. What though sore ill
 Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
 Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam

Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.

Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, ale, thy votaries in full resort,
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries),
Studios of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amusive putt
On smooth joint stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands describ'd to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—

Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter, penniless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cry'd:—though much the poet's
friend,

Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!

Nor proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof

Of pot-house snug to visit, wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loth'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm ;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler ale :
In vain—the proctor's voice arrests their joys ;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess !

Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful ale ! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienced ; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph :
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery ; there on smoking crust
And foaming ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast ! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust, with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times : nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British ale improving British worth.

With ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate : whether the plaintive voice
Of landress thrill awake my startled ear ;
Or barber spruce with supple look intrude ;
Or tailor with obsequious bow advance ;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,
Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat : All-pow'rful ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends

With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks :
E'en Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns ! and conquer'd quits the field.

Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-liv'd bounty to recal ?—

Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicens'd blifs ;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent !)
Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'er shades the skies ;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.

Thus Adam, exil'd from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot ;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderness,
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace :
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pin'd for cheerful ale ;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower ; like him with honest love
Of ale divine inspir'd, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot ! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

NEWMARKET.

A SATIRE.

HIS country's hope, when now the blooming heir
Has lost the parent's or the guardian's care;
Fond to possess, yet eager to destroy,
Of each vain youth, say, what's the darling joy?
Of each rash frolic what the source and end.
His sole and first ambition what!—to spend.

Some 'squires to Gallia's cooks devoted dupes,
Whole manors melt in sauce, or drown in soups:
Another doats on fiddlers, till he sees
His hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern strains can move,
Like those of ancient Greece, th' obedient grove:
In headless statues rich, and useless urns,
Marmoreo from the classic tour returns.—
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent fires;
How soonest soar to fashionable shame,
Be damn'd at once to ruin—and to fame;
By hands of grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread Olympic ground!

What dreams of conquest flush'd Hilario's breast,
When the good knight at last retir'd to rest!
Behold the youth with new-felt rapture mark
Each pleasing prospect of the spacious park:
That park, where beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those beauties less the work of art than age;
In simple state where genuine nature wears
Her venerable dress of ancient years;
Where all the charms of chance with order meet
The rude, the gay, the graceful, and the great.
Here aged oaks uprear their branches hoar,
And form dark groves, which druids might adore;
With meeting boughs, and deepening to the view,
Here shoots the broad umbrageous avenue:

Here various trees compose a chequer'd scene,
 Glowing in gay diversities of green;
 There the full stream through intermingling glades
 Shines a broad lake, or falls in deep cascades.
 Nor wants their hazle copse, or beechen lawn,
 To cheer with sun or shade the bounding fawn.

And see the good old seat, whose Gothic tow'rs
 Awful emerge from yonder tufted bow'rs;
 Whose raster'd hall the crowding tenants fed,
 And dealt to age and want their daily bread;
 Where crested knights with peerless damsels join'd,
 At high and solemn festivals have din'd;
 Presenting oft fair virtue's shining task,
 In mystic pageantries, and moral mask.
 But vain all ancient praise, or boast of birth,
 Vain all the palms of old heroic worth!
 At once a bankrupt, and a prosp'rous heir,
 Hilario bets,—park, house, dissolve in air.
 With antique armour hung, his trophied rooms
 Descend to gamesters, prostitutes, and grooms.
 He sees his steel-clad fires, and mothers mild,
 Who bravely shook the lance, or sweetly finil'd,
 All the fair series of the whisker'd race,
 Whose pictur'd forms the stately gallery grace;
 Debas'd, abus'd, the price of ill-got gold,
 To deck some tavern vile, at auctions sold.
 The parish wonders at the unopening door,
 The chimneys blaze, the tables groan no more
 Thick weeds around th' untrodden courts arise,
 And all the social scene in silence lies.
 Himself, the loss politely to repair,
 Turns atheist, fiddler, highwayman, or play'r.
 At length, the scorn, the shame of man and God,
 Is doom'd to rub the steeds that once he rode.

Ye rival youths, your golden hopes how vain,
 Your dreams of thousands on the list'd plain!
 Not more fantastic Sancho's airy course,
 When madly mounted on the magic horse*,

* Clavileno. See Don Quixote, B. ii. Chap. 41.

He pierc'd heav'n's opening spheres with dazzled
eyes,

And seem'd to soar in visionary skies.

Nor less, I ween, precarious is the meed,

Of young adventurers on the muse's steed ;

For poets have, like you, their destin'd round,

And ours is but a race on classic ground.

Long time, the child of patrimonial ease,

Hippolitus had carv'd furloins in peace :

Had quaff'd secure, unvex'd by toil or wife,

The mild October of a private life :

Long liv'd with calm domestic conquests crown'd,

And kill'd his game on safe paternal ground :

And, deaf to honour's or ambition's call,

With rural spoils adorn'd his hoary hall.

As bland he puff'd the pipe o'er weekly news,

His bosom kindles with sublimer views.

Lo there, thy triumphs, Taaffe, thy palms, Portmore !

Tempt him to stake his lands and treasur'd store.

Like a new bruiser on Broughtonic sand,

Amid the lists our hero takes his stand ;

Suck'd by the sharper, to the peer a prey,

He rolls his eyes that " witness huge dismay ; "

When lo ! the chance of one inglorious heat,

Strips him of genial cheer, and snug retreat.

How awkward now he bears disgrace and dirt,

Nor knows the poor's last refuge, to be pert !—

The shiftless beggar bears of ills the worst,

At once with dullness and with hunger curst.

And feels the tasteless breast equestrian fires ?

And dwells such mighty rage in graver 'squires ?

In all attempts, but for their country, bold,

Britain, thy conscript counsellors behold ;

(For some, perhaps, by fortune favour'd yet,

May gain a borough, from a lucky bet),

Smit with the love of the laconic boot,

The cap, and wig succinct, the silken suit,

Mere modern phantoms may usurp the rein,

And scour in rival race the tempting plain.

See, side by side, his jockey and Sir John
 Discuss th' important point—of six to one.
 For oh! the boasted privilege how dear,
 How great the pride, to gain a jockey's ear!—
 See, like a routed host, with headlong pace,
 Thy members pour amid the mingling race!
 All ask, what crowds the tumult could produce—
 Is Bedlam, or the Commons all broke loose?
 Their way nor reason guides, nor caution checks,
 Proud on a high-bred thing to risk their necks.—
 Thy sages hear, amid th' admiring crowd
 Adjudge the stakes, most eloquently loud:
 With critic skill, o'er dubious bets preside,
 The low dispute, or kindle, or decide:
 All empty wisdom, and judicious prate,
 Of distanc'd horses gravely fix the fate:
 And with paternal care unwearied watch
 O'er the nice conduct of a daring match.

Meantime, no more the mimic patriots rise,
 To guard Britannia's honour, warm and wise:
 No more in senates dare assert her laws,
 Nor pour the bold debate in freedom's cause:
 Neglect the counsels of a sinking land,
 And know no rostrum, but Newmarket's stand.

Is this the band of civil chiefs design'd
 On England's weal to fix the pondering mind?
 Who, while their country's rights are set to sale,
 Quit Europe's balance for the jockey's scale.
 O say, when least their sapient schemes are cross'd,
 Or when a nation, or a match is lost?
 Who dains and fires with more exactness trace,
 Than of their country's kings the sacred race:
 Think London journeys are the worst of ills;
 Subscribe to articles, instead of bills:
 Strangers to all our annalists relate,
 Theirs are the memoirs of the equestrian state:
 Who lost to Albion's past and present views,
 Heber*, thy chronicles alone peruse.

* Author of an Historical List of the Running Horses, &c.

Go on, brave youths, till in some future age,
 Whips shall become the senatorial badge;
 Till England see her thronging senators
 Meet all at Westminster, in boots and spurs;
 See the whole House, with mutual frenzy mad,
 Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad:
 Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
 And guide with equal reins a steed or state.

How would a virtuous* Houhnhym neigh disdain,
 To see his brethren brook the imperious rein;
 Bear slavery's wanton whip, or galling goad,
 Smoke through the glebe, or trace the destin'd road;
 And robb'd of † manhood by the murderous knife,
 Sustain each fordid toil of servile life.

Yet oh! what rage would touch his generous mind,
 To see his sons of more than human kind;

A kind, with each exalted virtue blest,
 Each gentler feeling of the liberal breast,
 Afford diversion to that monster base,

That meanest spawn of man's half-monkey race;
 In whom pride, avarice, ignorance, conspire,
 That hated animal, a Yahoo 'quire.

How are th' Therons of these modern days,
 Chang'd from those chiefs who toil'd for Grecian
 bays;

Who fir'd with genuine glory's sacred lust,
 Whirl'd the swift axle through the Pythian dust.

Theirs was the Pisan olive's blooming spray,

Theirs was the Theban bard's recording lay.

What though the grooms of Greece ne'er took the
 odds?

They won no bets—but then they soar'd to gods;

And more an Hiero's palm, a Pindar's ode,

Than all th' united plates of George bestow'd.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic name,
 Feel all thy warmth, and catch the kindred flame,
 Thy scenes sublime, and awful visions rise,
 In ancient pride before my musing eyes.

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* Vide Gulliver's Travels. Voyage to the Houhnhyms.
 † A copy in the Harleian Library, reads Horse-head,

Here Sparta's sons in mute attention hang,
 While just Lycurgus pours the mild harangue;
 'There Xerxes' hosts, all pale with deadly fear,
 Shrink at her fated * hero's flashing spear.
 Here hung with many a lyre of silver string,
 The laureate alleys of Ilissus spring:
 And lo, where wrapt in beauty's heavenly dream
 Hoar Plato walks his oliv'd academe.—

Yet ah! no more the land of arts and arms
 Delights with wisdom, or with virtue warms.
 Lo! the stern Turk, with more than Vandal rage,
 Has blasted all the wreaths of ancient age:
 No more her groves by fancy's feet are trod,
 Each Attic grace has left the lov'd abode.
 Fall'n is fair Greece! by luxury's pleasing bane
 Seduc'd, she drags a barbarous foreign chain.

Britannia, watch! O trim thy withering bays,
 Remember thou hast rivall'd Grecia's praise,
 Great nurse of works divine! Yet oh! beware
 Lest thou the fate of Greece, my country, share.
 Recal thy wonted worth with conscious pride,
 Thou too hast seen a Solon in a Hyde;
 Hast bade thine Edwards and thine Henrys rear
 With Spartan fortitude the British spear;
 Alike has seen thy sons deserve the need
 Or of the moral or the martial deed.

THE CASTLE BARBER'S SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN THE LATE WAR.

I WHO with such success—alas! till
 The war came on—have shav'd the castle;
 Who by the nose, with hand unshaken,
 The boldest heroes oft have taken;
 In humble strain, am doom'd to mourn
 My fortune chang'd, and state forlorn!
 My soap scarce ventures into froth,
 My razors rust in idle sloth!
 Wisdom *! to you my verse appeals;
 You share the griefs your barber feels:

* Leonidas.

Scarce comes a student once a whole age,
To stock your desolated college.
Our trade how ill an army suits!
This comes of picking up recruits.
Lost is the robber's occupation,
No robbing thrives—but of the nation:
For hardy necks no rope is twisted,
And e'en the hangman's self is lifted.—
Thy publishers, O mighty Jackson!
With scarce a scanty coat their backs on,
Warning to youth no longer teach,
Nor live upon a dying speech.
In cassock clad, for want of breeches,
No more the castle-chaplain preaches.
Oh! were our troops but safely landed,
And every regiment disbanded!
They'd make, I trust, a new campaign
On Henley's hill, or Campsfield's plain:
Destin'd at home, in peaceful state,
By me fresh shav'd, to meet their fate!

Regard, ye Justices of Peace!
The Castle-Barber's piteous case:
And kindly make some snug addition,
To better his distressed condition.
Not that I mean, by such expressions,
To shave your worships at the sessions;
Or would, with vain presumption big,
Aspire to comb the judge's wig:—
Far less ambitious thoughts are mine,
Far humbler hopes my views confine.—
Then think not that I ask amiss;
My small request is only this,
That I, by leave of Leigh or Pardo,
May, with the castle—shave Bocardo.

Thus, as at Jesus oft I've heard,
Rough servitors in Wales prefer'd,
The Joneses, Morgans, and Ap-Rices,
Keep fiddles with their benefices.

THE OXFORD NEWSMAN'S VERSES.

FOR THE YEAR 1760.

THINK of the palms, my masters dear!
 That crown this memorable year!
 Come fill the glafs, my hearts of gold,
 To Britain's heroes brisk and bold;
 While into rhyme I strive to turn all
 The fam'd events of many a journal.

France feeds her fons on meagre foup,
 'Twas hence they loft their Guardaloup;
 What though they dress fo fine and j'anty,
 They could not keep Marigalante.
 Their forts in Afric could not repel
 The thunder of undaunted Keppel:
 Brave commodore! how we adore ye
 For giving us fuccefs at Goree.
 Ticonderoga, and Niagara,
 Make each true Briton fing O rare a!
 I trust the taking of Crown-Point,
 Has put French courage out of joint.
 Can we forget the timely check
 Wolfe gave the fcoundrels at * Quebec?—
 That name has ftopp'd my glad career,—
 Your faithful newfman drops a tear!—

But other triumphs ftill remain,
 And rouse to glee my rhymes again.

On Minden's plains, ye meek Mounfeers!
 Remember Kingsley's grenadiers.
 You vainly thought to ballarag us
 With your fine fquadron off Cape Lagos;
 But when Boscawen came, † La Clue
 Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
 Conflans ‡, all cowardice and puff,
 Hop'd to demolish hardy Duft;

* Before this place fell the brave Wolfe, yet with the fatisfa^{tion} of ~~not~~ hearing that his troops were victorious.—The other places here enumerated were conquests of the preceding year.

† The French Admiral,

‡ Another French Admiral.

But soon unlook'd-for guns o'er-aw'd him,
 Hawke darted forth, and nobly claw'd him.
 And now their vaunted Formidable
 Lies captive to a British cable.
 Would you demand the glorious cause
 Whence Britain every trophy draws;
 You need not puzzle long your wit;
 Fame, from her trumpet, answers—Pitt.

FOR THE YEAR 1767.

DISMAL the news which Jackson's yearly bard
 Each circling Christmas brings,—“The times
 are hard!”

There was a time when Granby's grenadiers
 Trimm'd the lac'd jackets of the French Mounseers;
 When every week produc'd some lucky hit,
 And all our paragraphs were plann'd by Pitt.
 We newsmen drank—as England's heroes fought,
 While every victory procur'd—a pot.
 Abroad we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,
 At home rich harvests crown'd the laughing plain.
 Then ran in numbers free the newsmen's verses,
 Blithe were our hearts, and full our leathern purses.
 But now no more the stream of plenty flows,
 No more new conquests warm the newsmen's nose.
 Our shatter'd cottages admit the rain,
 Our infants stretch their hands for bread in vain.
 All hope is fled, our families are undone;
 Provisions all are carried up to London;
 Our copious granaries distillers thin,
 Who raise our bread—but do not cheapen gin.
 The effects of exportation still we rue;—
 I wish th' exporters were exported too!
 In every pot-house is unpaid our score,
 And generous Captain Jolly ticks no more!
 Yet still in store some happiness remains,
 Some triumphs that may grace these annual strains.
 Misfortunes past no longer I repeat—
 George has declar'd—that we again shall eat.—

Sweet Willhelminy, spite of wind and tide,
 Of Denmark's monarch shines the blooming bride:
 She's gone! but there's another in her stead.
 For of a princess Charlotte's brought to bed:—
 Oh, cou'd I but have had one single sup,
 One single sniff at Charlotte's caudle-cup!—
 I hear—God bless it—'tis a charming girl,
 So here's her health in half a pint of purl.
 But much I fear this rhyme-exhausted song
 Has kept you from your Christmas cheer too long
 Our poor endeavours view with gracious eye,
 And bake these lines beneath a Christmas pie!

FOR THE YEAR 1768.

STILL shall the newsmen's annual rhymes
 Complain of taxes and the times?
 Each year our copies shall we make on
 The price of butter, bread, and bacon?
 Forbid it, all ye pow'rs of verse!
 A happier subject I rehearse.
 Farewel distress, and gloomy cares!
 A merrier theme my muse prepares.
 For lo! to save us, on a sudden,
 In shape of porter, beef, and pudding,
 Though late, electioneering comes!—
 Strike up, ye trumpets, and ye drums!
 At length we change our wonted note,
 And feast, all winter, on a vote.
 Sure, canvassing was never hotter!
 But whether Harcourt, Nares, or Cotter*,
 At this grand crisis will succeed,
 We freemen have not yet decreed.—
 Methinks, with mirth your sides are shaking,
 To hear us talk of member-making!
 Yet know, that we direct the state;
 On us depends the nation's fate.—
 What though some doctor's cast-off wig
 O'er shades my pate, not worth a fig;

* Candidates for the City of Oxford.

My whole apparel in decay ;
 My beard unshav'd—on new-year's day ;
 In me behold (the land's protector),
 A freeman, newsmen, and elector!
 Though cold, and all unshod, my toes:—
 My breast for Britain's freedom glows:—
 Though turn'd, by poverty, my coat,
 It ne'er was turn'd to give a vote.

Meantime, howe'er improv'd our fate is
 By jovial cups, each evening, gratis ;
 Forget not, 'midst your Christmas cheer,
 The customs of the coming year:—
 In answer to this short epistle,
 Your tankard send, to wet our whistle!

FOR THE YEAR 1770.

AS now petitions are in fashion
 With the first patriots of the nation ;
 In spirit high, in pocket low,
 We patriots of the Butcher-Row,
 Thus, like our betters, ask redress
 For high and mighty grievances,
 Real, though penn'd in rhyme, as those
 Which oft our Journal gives in prose:—

“ Ye rural squires, so plump and sleek,
 “ Who study—Jackson, once a week ;
 “ While now your hospitable board
 “ With cold-surloin is amply stor'd,
 “ And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
 “ Send us a tankard and a slice!
 “ Ye country parsons, stand our friends,
 “ While now the driving fleet descends!
 “ Give us your antiquated canes,
 “ To help us through the miry lanes ;
 “ Or with a rusty grizzle wig
 “ This Christmas deign our pates to rig.
 “ Ye noble gem'men of the gown,
 “ View not our verses with a frown!
 “ But, in return for quick dispatches,
 “ Invite us to your buttery-hatches!

" Ye too, whose houses are so handy,
 " For coffee, tea, rum, wine, and brandy;
 " Pride of fair Oxford's gaudy streets,
 " You too our strain submissive greets!
 " Hear Horseman, Spindlow, King, and Harper*!—
 " The weather sure was never sharper:—
 " Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs!
 " Dram your poor newsmen clad in rags!
 " Dire mischief folks above are brewing,
 " The nation's—and the newsmen's ruin:
 " 'Tis your's our sorrows to remove;
 " And if thus generous ye prove,
 " For friends so good we're bound to pray
 " 'Till—next returns a new-year's day!"

" Giv'n at our melancholy cavern,
 " The cellar of the Sheep's-Head Tavern."

FOR THE YEAR 1771

DELICIOUS news—a war with Spain!
 New rapture fires our Christmas strain,
 Behold, to strike each Briton's eyes,
 What bright victorious scenes arise!
 What paragraphs of English glory
 Will Master Jackson set before ye!
 The governor of Buenos Ayres
 Shall dearly pay for his vagaries;
 For whether North, or whether Chatham,
 Shall rule the roost, we must have-at-'em:
 Galloons—Havanna—Porto Bello—
 Ere long will make the nation mellow:—
 Our late trite themes we view with scorn,
 Bellas the bold, and Parson Horne:
 Nor more, through many a tedious winter,
 The triumphs of the patriot Squinter,
 The ins and outs, with cant eternal,
 Shall crowd each column of our Journal.—
 After a dreary season past,
 Our turn to live is come at last:

* Keepers of noted coffee-houses in Oxford.

Gen'als, and admirals, and Jews,
Contractors, printers, men of news,
All thrive by war, and line their pockets,
And leave the works of peace to blockheads.

But stay, my muse, this hasty fit—
The war is not declar'd as yet :
And we, though now so blithe we sing,
May all be press'd to serve the king !
Therefore, meantime, our masters dear,
Produce your hospitable cheer :
While we, with much sincere delight,
(Whether we publish news—or fight)
Like England's undegenerate sons,
Will drink—confusion to the Dons!

THE PHAETON, AND ONE-HORSE CHAIR.

AT Blagrove's* once upon a time,
There stood a phaeton sublime :
Unfollied by the dusty road,
Its wheels with recent crimson glow'd ;
Its sides display'd a dazzling hue,
Its harness tight, its lining new :
No scheme-enamour'd youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily-deck'd machine,
But fondly long'd to seize the reins,
And whirl o'er Campsfield's† tempting plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A one-horse chair had took its stand :
When thus our vehicle begun
To sneer the luckless chaise and one.

“How could my master place me here
Within thy vulgar atmosphere?
From classic ground pray shift thy station,
Thou scorn of Oxford education!—
Your homely make, believe me, man,
Is quite upon the Gothic plan ;

M

* Well known at Oxford for letting out carriages, 1762.

† In the road to Blenheim.

And you, and all your clumsy kind,
 For lowest purposes design'd :
 Fit only, with a one-ey'd mare,
 To drag, for benefit of air,
 The country parson's pregnant wife,
 Thou friend of dull domestic life !
 Or, with his maid and aunt, to school
 To carry Dicky on a stool :
 Or, happily to some christening gay.
 A brace of godmothers convey.—
 Or, when blest Saturday prepares
 For London tradesmen rest from cares,
 'Tis thine to make them happy one day,
 Companion of their genial Sunday !
 'Tis thine, o'er turnpikes newly made,
 When timely show'rs the dust have laid,
 To bear some alderman serene
 To fragrant Hampstead's sylvan scene.
 Nor higher scarce thy merit rises
 Among the polish'd sons of Isis.
 Hir'd for a solitary crown,
 Canst thou to schemes invite the gown ?
 Go, tempt some prig, pretending taste,
 With hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
 O'er mutton-chops, and scanty wine,
 At humble Dorchester to dine !
 Meantime remember, lifeless drone !
 I carry Bucks and Bloods alone.
 And oh ! whene'er the weather's friendly,
 What inn at Abingdon or Henly,
 But still my vast importance feels,
 And gladly greets my entering wheels !
 And think, obedient to the thong,
 How yon gay street we smoke along :
 While all with envious wonder view
 The corner turn'd so quick and true."
 To check an upstart's empty pride,
 Thus sage the one-horse chair reply'd.
 " Pray, when the consequence is weigh'd,
 What's all your spirit and parade ?

From mirth to grief what sad transitions,
 To broken bones and impositions!
 Or if no bones are broke, what's worse,
 Your schemes make work for Glass and Nourse.—
 On us pray spare your keen reproaches,
 From one-horse chairs men rise to coaches;
 If calm discretion's steadfast hand,
 With cautious skill the reins command.
 From me fair health's fresh fountain springs,
 O'er me soft snugness spreads her wings:
 And innocence reflects her ray
 To gild my calm sequester'd way:
 E'en kings might quit their state to share
 Contentment and a one-horse chair.—
 What though, o'er yonder echoing street
 Your rapid wheels resound so sweet;
 Shall Isis' sons thus vainly prize
 A rattle of a larger size?"

Blagrove, who durin' the dispute,
 Stood in a corner, snug and mute,
 Surpris'd, no doubt, in lofty verse,
 To hear his carriages converse,
 With solemn face, o'er Oxford ale,
 To me disclos'd this wond'rous tale:
 I strait dispatch'd it to the muse,
 Who brush'd it up for Jackson's news,
 And, what has oft been penn'd in prose,
 Added this moral at the close.

" Things may be useful though obscure;
 " The pace that's slow is often sure:
 " When empty pageantries we prize,
 " We raise but dust to blind our eyes.
 " The golden mean can best bestow
 " Safety for unsubstantial show."

EPISTLE FROM THOMAS HEARN, ANTIQUARY,

*To the Author of the Companion to the Oxford
 Guide, &c.*

FRIEND of the moss-grown spire and crumbling arch,
 Who wont'st at eve to pace the long-lost bounds

Of lonesome Ofeney! What malignant fiend
 Thy cloister-loving mind from ancient lore
 Hath base seduc'd; urg'd thy apostate pen
 To trench deep wounds on antiquaries sage,
 And drag the venerable fathers forth,
 Victims to laughter? Cruel as the mandate
 Of mitred priests, who Basket late enjoin'd
 To throw aside the reverend letters black,
 And print fast-prayers in modern-type!—At this
 Leland, and Willis, Dugdale, Tanner, Wood,
 Illustrious names! with Camden, Aubrey, Lloyd,
 Scald their old cheeks with tears! For once they hop'd
 To seal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
 The muses, at thy call, would crowding come
 To deck antiquity with flowrets gay.

But now may curses every search attend
 That seems inviting! May'st thou pore in vain
 For dubious door-ways! May revengeful moths
 Thy ledgers eat! May chronologic spouts
 Retain no cypher legible! May crypts
 Lurk undiscern'd! Nor may'st thou spell the names
 Of saints in storied windows! Nor the dates
 Of bells discover! Nor the genuine site
 Of Abbots' pantries! And may Godstowe veil
 Deep from thy eyes profane, her Gothic charms!

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR
 SPRING IN BLENHEIM-GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true charity;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

JOB, CHAP. XXXIX.

DECLARE, if heav'nly wisdom bless thy tongue,
 When teems the mountain goat with promis'd
 young;
 The stated seasons tell, the month explain,
 When feels the bounding hind a mother's pain;

While, in the oppressive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the sorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their lusty feed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams to search the gloomy wood?
Say, whence the wild-afs wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroul'd, unconscious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er scenes of solitude to roam,
The waste his house, the wilderness his home;
He scorns the croud'd city's pomp and noise,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His pasture o'er the shaggy cliffs is spread.

Will the fierce unicorn obey thy call,
Enslav'd to man, and patient of the stall?
Say, will he stubborn stoop thy yoke to bear,
And through the furrow drag the tardy share;
Say, canst thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty sheaf;
Or canst thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the destin'd road;
Who paints the peacock's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diversity of dyes?
Whose hand the stately ostrich has supply'd,
With glorious plumage, and her snowy pride?
Thoughtless she leaves amid the dusty way,
Her eggs, to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that some fell beast, who thirsts for blood,
Or the rude foot may crush the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring share,
No soft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has steel'd her unrelenting breast,
Nor feeling sense, nor instinct mild imprest,
Bade her the rapid-rushing steed despise,
Outstrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidst the skies.
Didst thou the horse with strength and beauty deck?
Hast thou in thunder cloth'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like grovelling grasshoppers, afraid,
Start at each sound, at ev'ry breeze dismay'd?
A cloud of fire his lifted nostrils raise,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.

He paws indignant, and the valley spurns,
 Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
 When quivers rattle, and the frequent spear
 Flies flashing, leaps his heart with languid fear?
 Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
 "Is this," he cries, "the trumpet's warlike sound?"
 Eager he scents the battle from afar,
 And all the mingling thunder of the war.
 Flies the fierce hawk by thy supreme command,
 To seek soft climates, and a southern land?
 Who bade th' aspiring eagle mount the sky,
 And build her firm aerial nest on high?
 On the bare cliff, or mountain's shaggy steep,
 Her fortrefs of defence she dares to keep;
 Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
 Inquisitive to ken the distant prey.
 Seeks with her thirsty brood th' ensanguin'd plain,
 There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the
 slain.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD IN THE YEAR 1746.

WHEN now mature in classic knowledge,
 The joyful youth is sent to college,
 His father comes, a vicar plain,
 At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
 And thus in form of humble suitor,
 Bowing accosts a reverend tutor.
 "Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
 "And this my eldest son of nine;
 "My wife's ambition and my own
 "Was that this child should wear a gown;
 "I'll warrant that his good behaviour
 "Will justify your future favour;
 "And for his parts, to tell the truth,
 "My son's a very forward youth;
 "Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
 "And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.

“ If you’d examine—and admit him,
“ A scholarship would nicely fit him :
“ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one ;
“ Your vote and interest, Sir ! ” — ’Tis done.

Our pupil’s hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed :
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains :
In garret dark he smokes and puns,
A prey to discipline and duns ;
And now intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.

When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown’d at last :
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot :
“ These fellowships are pretty things,
“ We live indeed like petty kings :
“ But who can bear to waite his whole age
“ Amid the dullness of a college,
“ Debarr’d the common joys of life,
“ And that prime bliss—a loving wife !
“ O ! what’s a table richly spread
“ Without a woman at its head !
“ Would some snug benefice but fall,
“ Ye feasts, ye dinners ! farewell all !
“ To offices I’d bid adieu,
“ Of Dean, Vice Pres.—of Burfar too ;
“ Come joys, that rural quiet yields,
“ Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields ! ”

Too fond of freedom and of ease
A patriot’s vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail incumbent’s doubtful health ;
At length—and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear !
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
“ What a convenient house ! how neat !

- " For fuel here's sufficient wood :
 " Pray God the cellars may be good !
 " The garden—that must be new plann'd—
 " Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand ?
 " O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
 " The flow'ry shrub of thousand dyes :—
 " Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
 " Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay :
 " While thick beneath its aspect warm
 " O'er well-rang'd hives the bees shall swarm,
 " From which, ere long, of golden gleam
 " Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream :
 " This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
 " We'll alter to a modern privy :
 " Up yon green slope, of hazel's trim,
 " An avenue so cool and dim,
 " Shall to an harbour, at the end,
 " In spite of gout, entice a friend.
 " My predecessor lov'd devotion—
 " But of a garden had no notion."

Continuing this fantastic farce on,
 He now commences country parson,
 To make his character entire,
 He weds—a cousin of the 'squire ;
 Not over weighty in the purse,
 But many doctors have done worse :
 And though she boasts no charm divine,
 Yet she can carve and make birch wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good liquor and good learning ;
 With tithes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice fees ;
 Studies to find out latent dues,
 And regulates the state of pews ;
 Rides a sleek mare with purple housings,
 To share the monthly club's carousing ;
 Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
 And—but on Sundays—hears no bells ;

Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflow'rs, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps Bantam cocks, and feeds his turkies;
Builds in his copse a fav'rite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—

But ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is oppress'd;
And a third butcher's bill and brewing
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expences yet,
And Dickie now for school is fit.
“Why did I sell my college life
“ (He cries) for benefice and wife?
“Return, ye days! when endless pleasure
“I found in reading, or in leisure!
“When calm around the common room
“I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
“Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
“At annual hottlings, corks selected:
“And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
“The portrait of our pious founder!
“When impositions were supply'd
“To light my pipe—or sooth my pride—
“No cares were then for forward peas,
“A yearly-longing wife to please;
“My thoughts no christ'ning dinners cross,
“No children cry'd for butter'd toast;
“And ev'ry night I went to bed,
“Without a modus in my head!”
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

PROLOGUE ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAY-
HOUSE, OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

WHOE'ER our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles!
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears!
Quick the transition when the curtain drops,
From meek Monimia's moans to mutton-chops!
While for Lothario's loss Lavinia cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes!
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull-dogs bark.
Cleavers and scymitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below!
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebellow to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow-horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidnies and kings, mouthing and marrow-bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers, dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns—chaos is come again!
Hither your steelyards, butchers, bring, to weigh
The pound of flesh, Anthonio's bond must pay!
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew!
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doom'd to eat,
Cast a sheep's-eye on this forbidden meat—
Gaze on surloins, which ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton—starve!
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye gen'rous captains, and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for cutlets long in vain.

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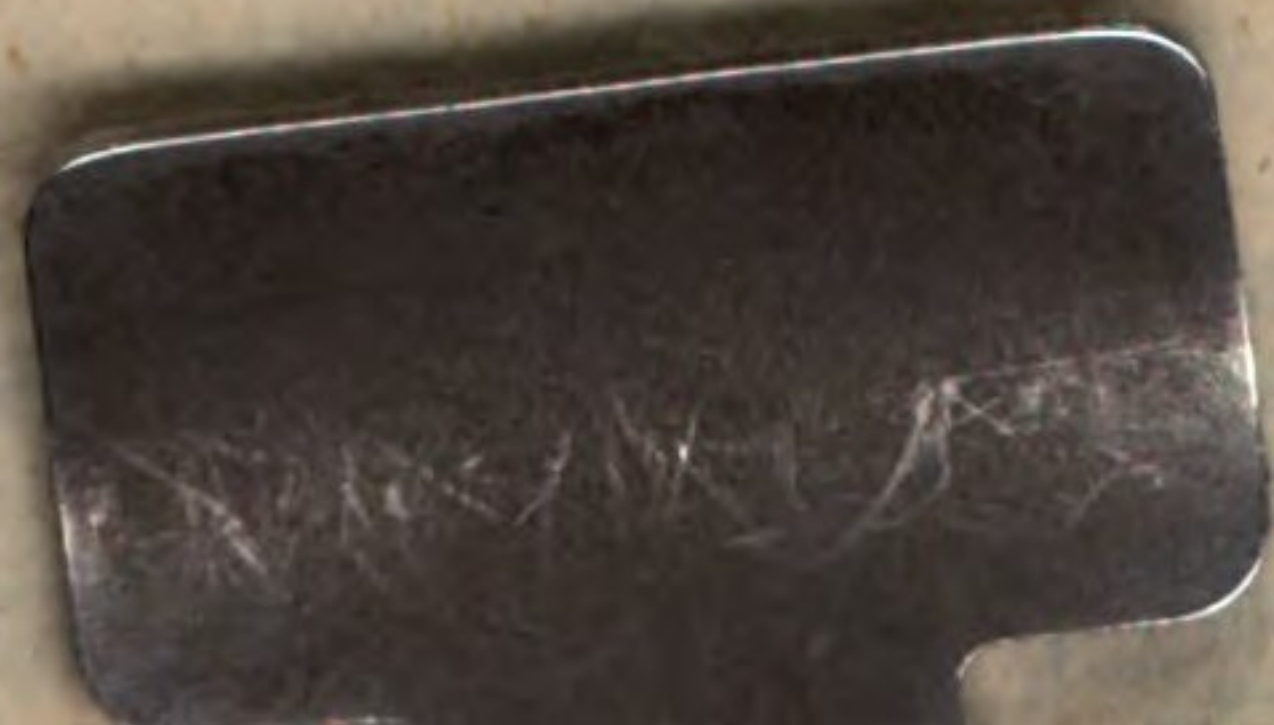
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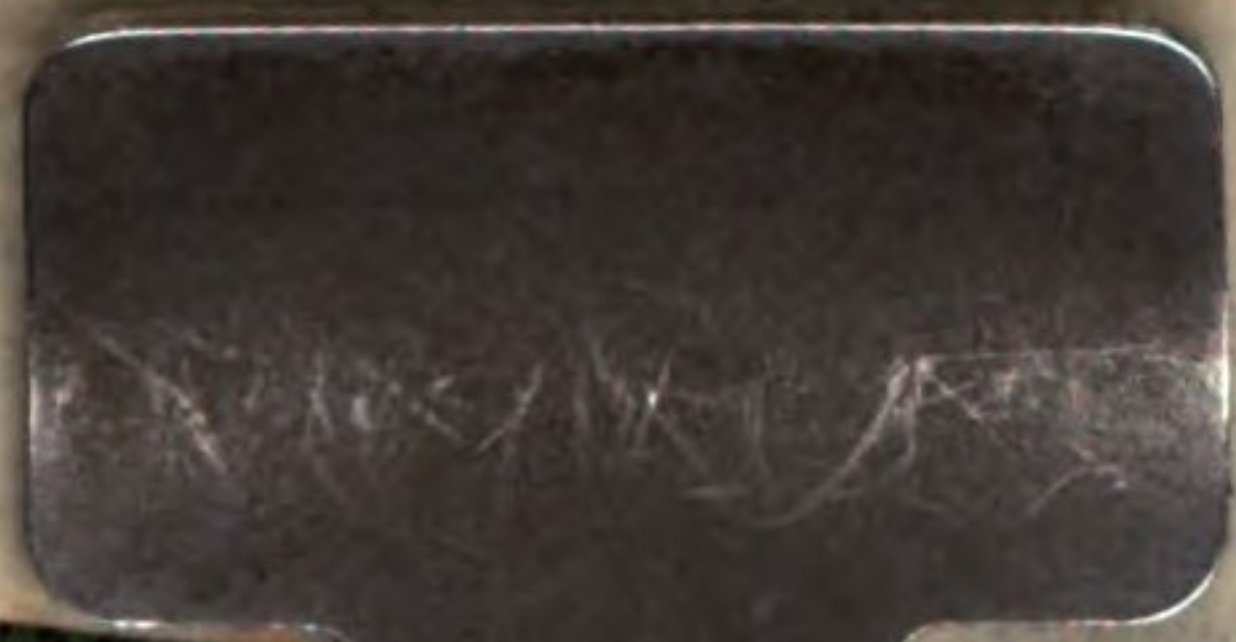
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